

THE
EMORY
HYMNAL

No. 2.

PHILADELPHIA:

BALTIMORE:

JOHN J. HOOD,

GRAPE, TAYLOR
&
SUPPLEE,

F-46.103 1024

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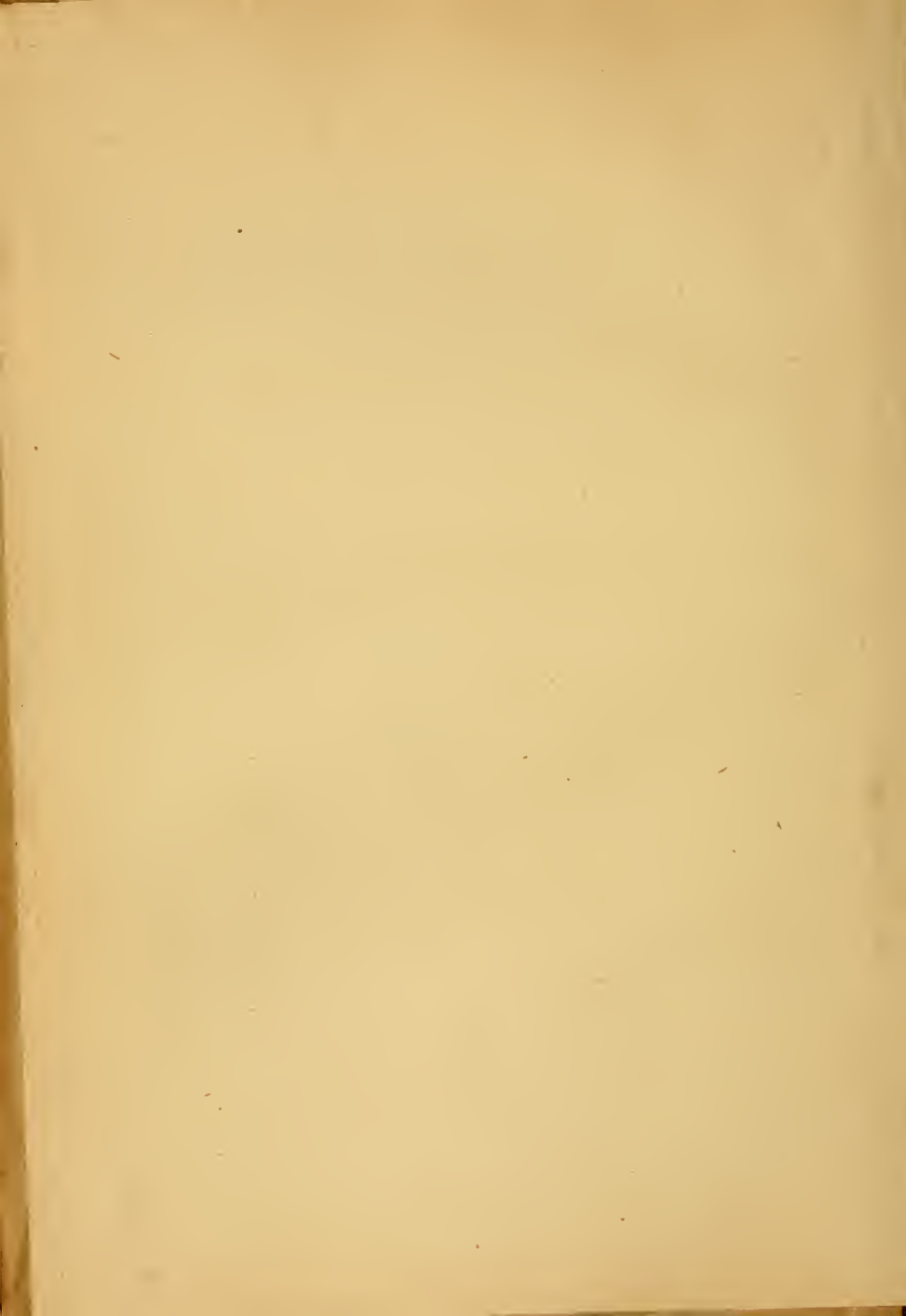
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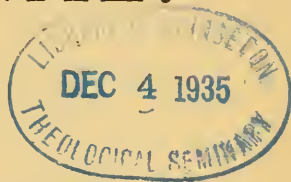




THE

EMORY HYMNAL:

No. 2.



SACRED HYMNS AND MUSIC

FOR USE IN

**PUBLIC WORSHIP, SUNDAY-SCHOOLS,
SOCIAL MEETINGS AND FAMILY WORSHIP.**

COMMITTEE ON SELECTIONS:

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PHILADELPHIA:


JOHN J. HOOD,

1018 Arch Street.

BALTIMORE:

Grape, Taylor & Supplee,

203 Camden Street.

HE phenomenal success which the EMORY HYMNAL has met with, the enthusiasm and interest in sacred song it has created in the Churches and Tented Groves of all branches of Methodism, has influenced the Musical Directors interested to yield to the demand for another publication from the same sources, and we beg to submit for your approval EMORY HYMNAL, No. 2.

Grateful for the generous encouragement and support which so liberally attended our first effort, we modestly bespeak for our second venture your Christian sympathy and patronage.

That our singing here may be blessed in the conversion of souls, the uplifting of believers, and be a rehearsal of the Grand Chorus of the Redeemed above, where we shall sing the "New Song," and see the King in his beauty, is the prayerful wish of

THE COMMITTEE.

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THE PUBLISHER.

EMORY HYMNAL.

No. 2.

Father all Holy.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Father all ho - ly, bend we so lowly, Glowing with love's tender flame,
 2. Angels adore thee, waiting before thee, Swift thy commands to fulfil:
 3. From sin deliv - er, keep us forev - er, Kingdom and glory are thine,

Father in heaven, praises be giv - en, Hallowed forev - er thy Name.
 Grant us, we pray thee, grace to obey thee, Choosing and serving thy will.
 Thine, too, the power, hear us this hour, Father, our Father divine!

Telling the story, spreading thy glory, Send forth thy people, we pray,
 Father, now lead us, day by day feed us, Ever provide and defend;
 Jesus is pleading, still interceding For his redeemed ones again,

Till every nation know thy salvation, Under thy kingdom's full sway.
 Trespass confessing, seeking thy blessing, Pardon and peace without end.
 For his sake hear us, in his name cheer us, He is the faithful "Amen."

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. I've a mes - sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The
 2. I've a mes - sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A
 3. Life is of - fered un - to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! E-
 4. I will tell you how I came, Hal - le - lu - jah! To

mes - sage un - to you I'll give, 'Tis re - cord - ed in his word,
 mes - sage, oh! my friend, for you, 'Tis a mes - sage from a - bove,
 ter - nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on - ly look to him,
 Je - sus, when he made me whole; 'Twas be - liev - ing on his name,

D.S.—'Tis re - cord - ed in his word,

Fine.

Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus who a - lone can save.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! I trust - ed and he saved my soul.

Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."

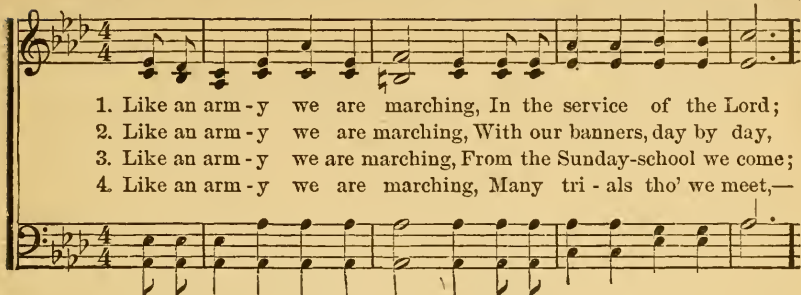
CHORUS. *D.S.*

Look and live, . . . my brother, live, Look to Je - sus now and live;
 look and live, look and live,

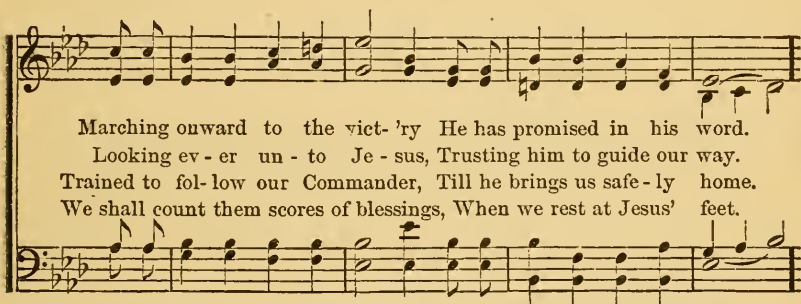
Like an Army We are Marching. 5

SALLIE MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

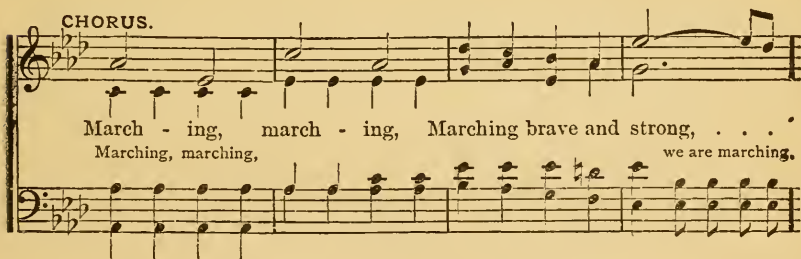


1. Like an arm - y we are marching, In the service of the Lord;
2. Like an arm - y we are marching, With our banners, day by day,
3. Like an arm - y we are marching, From the Sunday-school we come;
4. Like an arm - y we are marching, Many tri - als tho' we meet,—

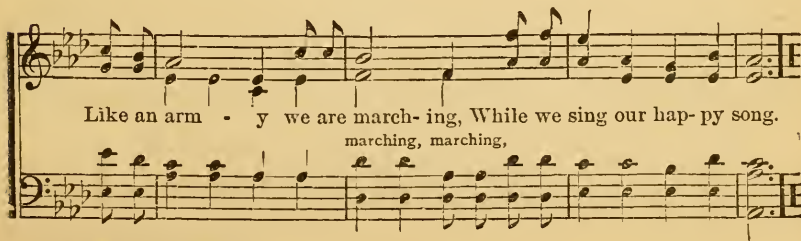


Marching onward to the vict - 'ry He has promised in his word.
Looking ev - er un - to Je - sus, Trusting him to guide our way.
Trained to fol - low our Commander, Till he brings us safe - ly home.
We shall count them scores of blessings, When we rest at Jesus' feet.

CHORUS.



March - ing, march - ing, Marching brave and strong, . . .
Marching, marching, we are marching.

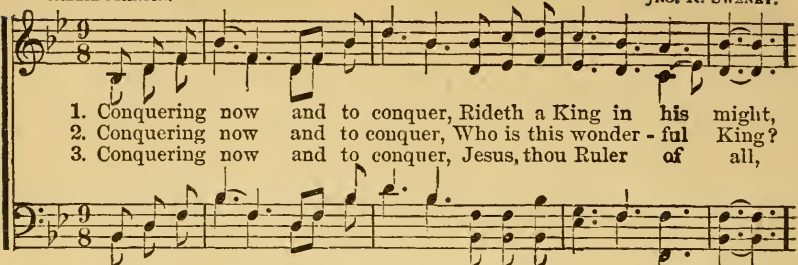


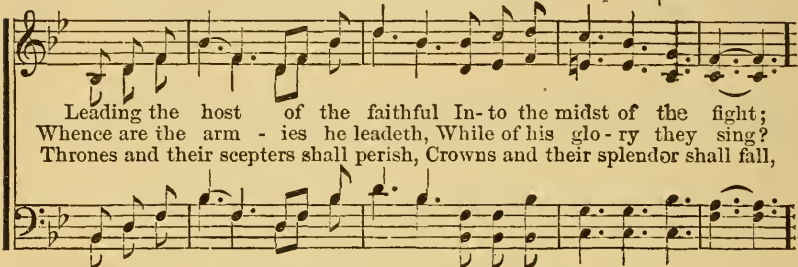
Like an arm - y we are march - ing, While we sing our hap - py song.
marching, marching,

Victory Through Grace.

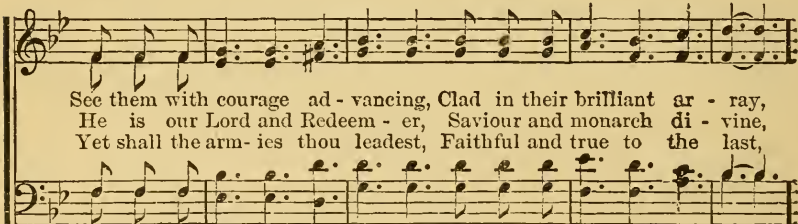
SALLIE MARTIN.

JNO. R. SWENNY.

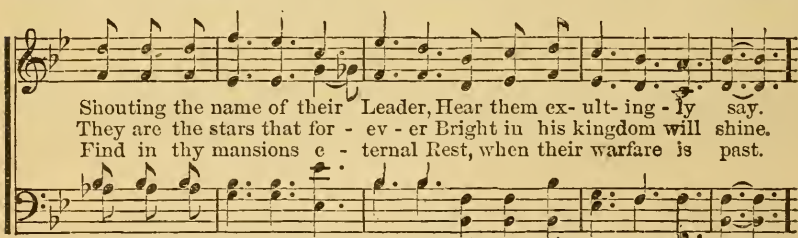
- 
1. Conquering now and to conquer, Rideth a King in his might,
 2. Conquering now and to conquer, Who is this wonder - ful King?
 3. Conquering now and to conquer, Jesus, thou Ruler of all,



Leading the host of the faithful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the arm - ies he leadeth, While of his glo - ry they sing?
Thrones and their scepters shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,

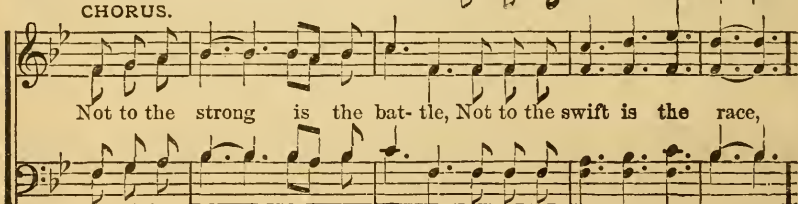


See them with courage ad - vancing, Clad in their brilliant ar - ray,
He is our Lord and Redeem - er, Saviour and monarch di - vine,
Yet shall the arm - ies thou leadest, Faithful and true to the last,



Shouting the name of their Leader, Hear them ex - ult - ing - ly say.
They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in his kingdom will shine.
Find in thy mansions e - ternal Rest, when their warfare is past.

CHORUS.



Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race,

Victory Through Grace.—CONCLUDED. 7

Yet to the true and the faithful Vict'ry is promised through grace.

Vale of Beulah.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. { I am passing down the val - ley that they say is so lone,
'Tis to me the vale of Beau - lah, 'tis a beau - ti - ful way,
2. { Not a shad - ow, not a shad - ow ev - er dark - ens the way,
And the mu - sic, sweetly chanted by the heav - en - ly throng,
3. { So I journey with re - joic - ing toward the Cit - y of Light,
And I near the o - pen por - tals of the kingdom a - bove,

f

ffine.

But I find that all the pathway is with flow'rs o - ver - grown; }
 For the Saviour walks be - side me, my compan - ion all day. }
 For a radiance of rare glo - ry shines up - on it all day; }
 Floats in ca - dence down the val - ley, and it cheers me a - long. }
 While each day my joy is deep - er, and the path grows more bright; }
 For this highway leads to Ca - naan, to the Kingdom of Love. }

D.S.—For the love - ly land of Ca - naan In the dis - tance I see.

CHORUS.

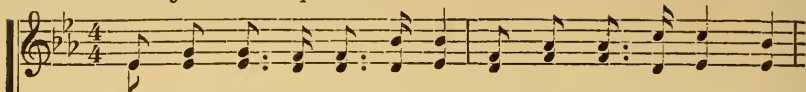
D.S.

Vale of Beulah! Vale of Beulah! Thou art precious to me;

Confiding.

H. S.

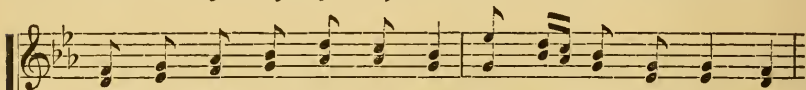
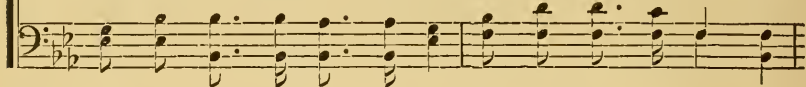
H. SANDERS.

Slowly and with expression.

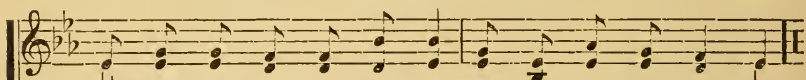
1. Working, toil - ing, or at rest, In thy love con - fid - ing,
2. Waking, sleep - ing, day or night, Grant us Lord, thy fav - or,
3. Without thee—we noth - ing are, Bless us in this meet - ing,
4. Tho' on couch of pain we lie, Still we trust thy prom - ise,



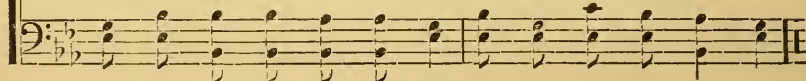
Do for us as seem - eth best, In the "Rift" we're hid - ing.
 In the dark - ness, or the light, Be with us, dear Sav - iour.
 Free our souls from tri - fling care, While the hours are fleet - ing.
 Thou'lt re - lieve us by and by, 'Take all sor - row from us.



Naught shall e'er dis - turb us here, Sweetest rest en - joy - ing,
 Weak are we—al - mighty thou, Strengthen us, O Fa - ther,
 Give of thine a - bundant grace, Help each good en - deav - or,
 When shall come the hour of death, When we cross "the riv - er,"



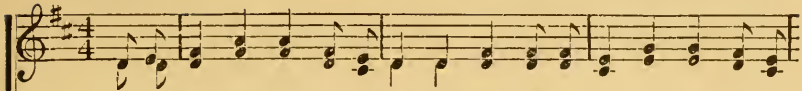
'Neath thy wing, we nothing fear, Free from sin's an - noy - ing.
 Now be - fore thy throne we bow, Help when shadows gath - er.
 All we need must come from thee, Of all good, the giv - er.
 Sing we praise with lat - est breath, Je - sus saves for - ev - er.



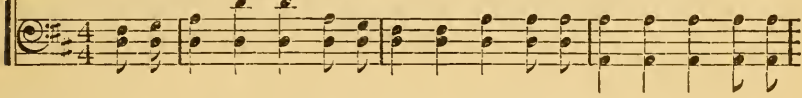
A Blessing in Prayer.

E. E. HEWITT.

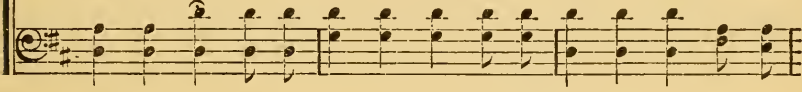
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



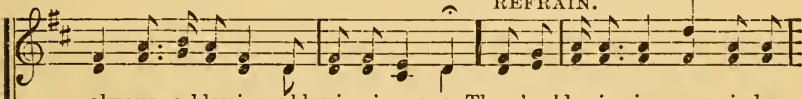
1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Master's feet, There is favor now at the
2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our friend above is a
3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its
4. There is perfect peace though the wild waves roll; There are gifts of love for the



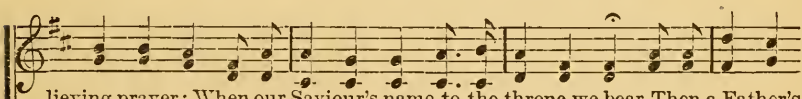
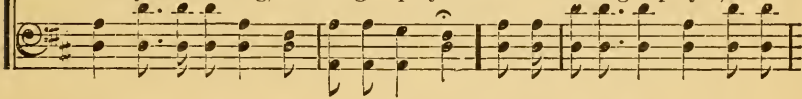
mer - cy seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprinkled there; There is friend in - deed, We may cast on him ev - 'ry grief and care; There is ills and strife, When the powers of sin would the soul ensnare, There is seek - ing soul; Till we praise the Lord in his home so fair, There is



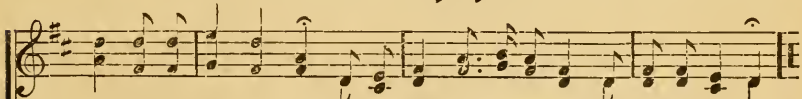
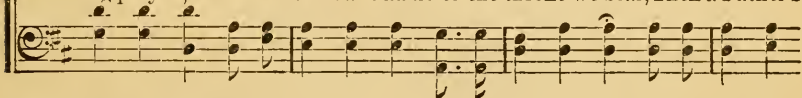
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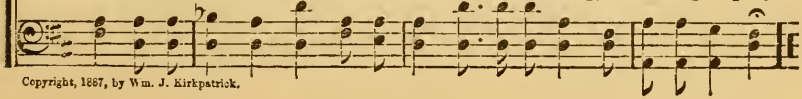
always a blessing, a blessing in prayer. There's a blessing in prayer, in be -



lieving prayer; When our Saviour's name to the throne we bear, Then a Father's



love will receive us there; There is always a blessing, a blessing in prayer.



O My Saviour, Keep Me Ever.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O my Saviour, keep me ev - er In the way that I should go,
 2. O my Saviour, can I doubt thee, When thy constant love I share,
 3. In thy se - cret place a - bid - ing, Safe I rest beneath thy wings;

May thy Ho - ly Spir - it teach me, More and more thy truth to know.
 When thy blessings rich and boundless Come as gifts of answered prayer?
 Oh, the brightness of thy glo - ry! How my soul with rapture sings!

In the sunshine or the shadow, Where thou wouldst my path should be,
 In thy mer - cy I am trust - ing, There my on - ly trust shall be;
 In thy se - cret place a - bid - ing, Where so clear thy hand I see,

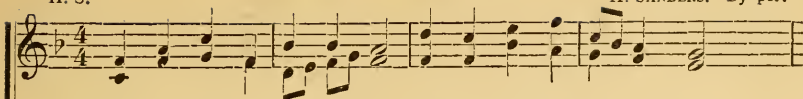
Keep me ev - er, let me nev - er Turn my waiting eyes from thee.
 Keep me ev - er, let me nev - er Turn my heart, O Lord, from thee.
 Keep me ev - er, let me nev - er Lose a moment's joy with thee.

Our Country.

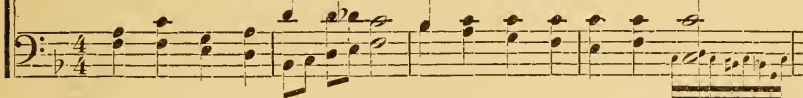
11

H. S.

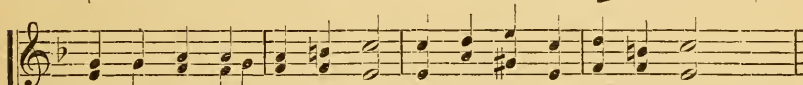
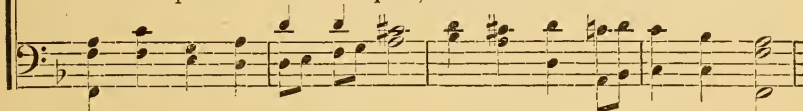
H. SANDERS. By per.



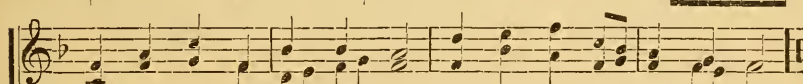
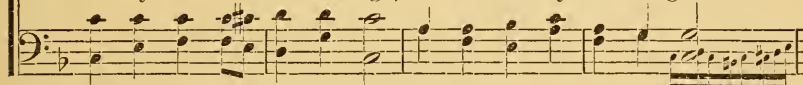
1. God of Nations, hear us now, While to thee our hearts we raise;
2. Bless our Rulers, give them grace, Help them in the hour of need;
3. May the "old flag" never trail, And its "bright stars" ne'er grow dim;



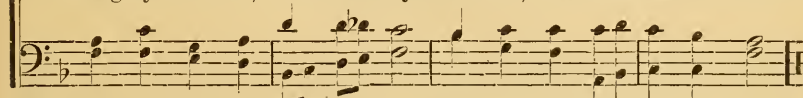
Hear us while to thee we bow, And accept our song of praise.
May they in their hearts embrace Truth and Hon - or, as their creed.
And our patriots nev - er quail, But de - fend with life and limb.



Our be - lov - ed country bless With thy fa - vor and thy love;
May our peo - ple, East and West, Ev - er faithful prove and true;
"Glo - ry be to God on high," For this country's work so grand!



May the "Sun of Righteousness" Shine up - on us from a - bove.
North and South, if comes the test, Ral - ly to Red, White, and Blue."
Mighty Rul - er, hear our cry—"O God, bless our Native Land."



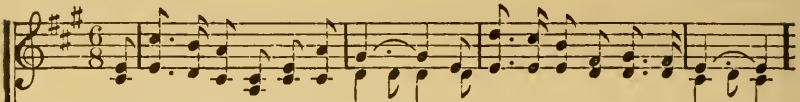
- 4 Bless our People, make them good,
Loyal, true, in heart and mind;
Give us day by day our food,
Peace and plenty may we find.
But if foes our peace molest,
Or should seek to harm our land,
To our Nation's high behest
Rally every Patriot Band.

- 5 God of Battles! in the strife
Be our Shield and Buckler true;
Thee we trust in death or life,
Hour by hour our faith renew.
Give us vict'ry o'er all foes,
Help us triumph in thy Name;
And the patriot, as he goes,
Will thy glorious deeds proclaim.

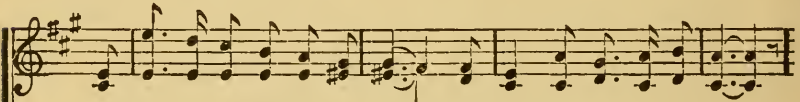
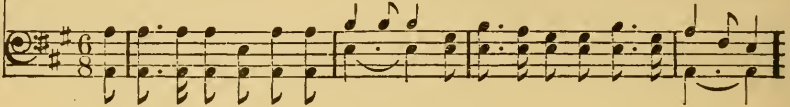
12 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. H. ROBLIN.

P. BILHORN.



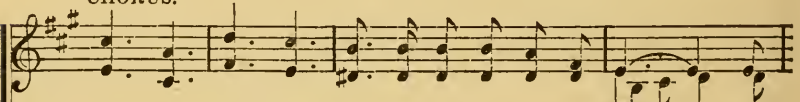
1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joyous re - frain,
sweet strain, refrain,
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, My debt by his death was all paid,
was made, all paid,
3. When Jesus as Lord I had crowned, My heart with this peace did abound,
had crowned, abound,
4. In Jesus for peace I a - bide, abide, And as I keep close to his side, his side,



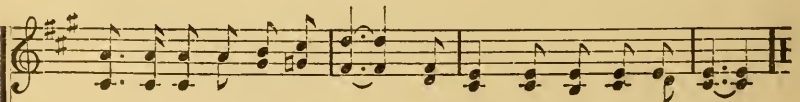
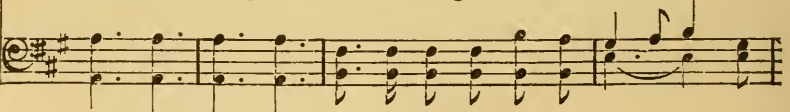
I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
No oth - er founda - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
In him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
There's nothing but peace doth betide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.



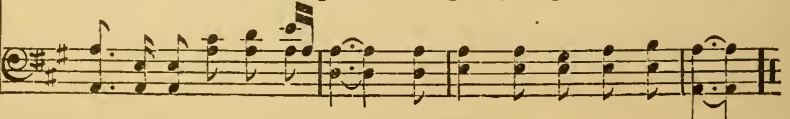
CHORUS.



Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won - der - ful gift from a - bove! a - bove! Oh,



won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!



Then Rejoice, all Ye Ransomed.

13

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth." Luke xv. 10.
E. F. M. E. F. MILLER.

1. There's re-joicing in the presence of the an-gels O-ver
2. Oh, how happy is the sinner who has tast-ed Of the
3. In the home where once was strife and pain and sorrow, There'll be
4. We will ral-ly round the standard of our Sav-iour, And to

sinner's coming home, . All the heav'nly harpers, with a mighty
Saviour's wond'rous love, Love that bringeth peace and joy, which passeth
blessed peace and joy, . Prayer and praise to God around the family
oth-ers loud-ly call, . Come, ye sinners, and repent, believe in
coming home,

D. S.—dead's alive, the lost is found, and
Fine. CHORUS.

chorus, Now are praising round the throne. Then rejoice, . . all ye
knowledge, Ever giv-en from a - bove.
al - tar Will the pow'r of sin destroy.
Je - sus, He will freely pardon all. then rejoice,

wand'ers Now are coming, coming home.

ran-somed, Let your praises reach to heaven's highest dome, For the
all ye ransomed, highest dome.

Showers of Blessing.

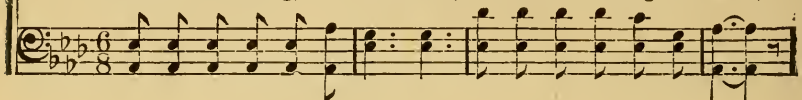
"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."
Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

JENNIE GARNETT.

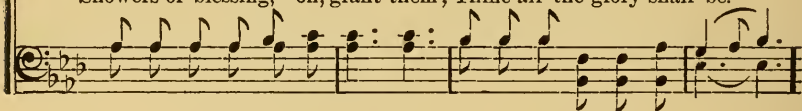
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Here in thy name we are gathered, Come and revive us, O Lord;
2. O that the showers of blessing Now on our souls may descend,
3. There shall be showers of blessing,—Promise that never can fail;
4. Showers of blessing,—we need them, Showers of blessing from thee;



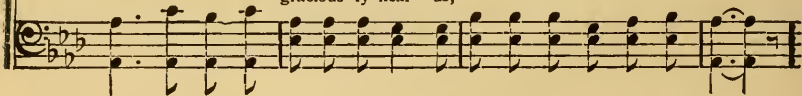
"There shall be showers of blessing" Thou hast declared in thy word.
While at the footstool of mercy Pleading thy promise we bend!
Thou wilt regard our petition; Surely our faith will prevail.
Showers of blessing,—oh, grant them; Thine all the glory shall be.



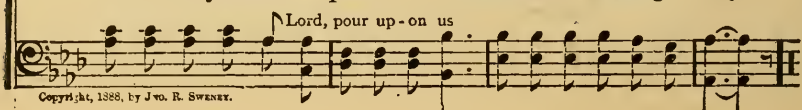
CHORUS.



Oh, graciously hear us, Graciously hear us, we pray:
graciously hear us,



Pour from thy windows upon us Showers of blessing to-day.

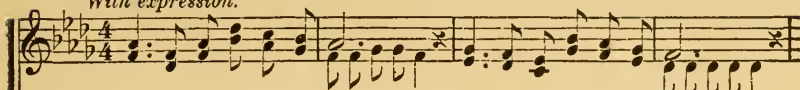


Lead Me, Saviour.

F. M. D.

"For thy name's sake lead me, guide me."—Ps. xxxi. 3.

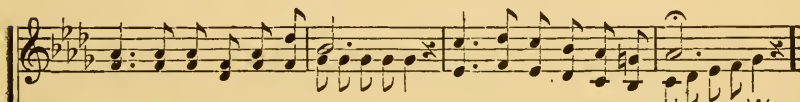
FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.

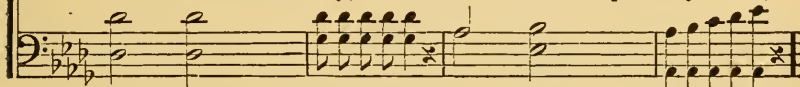
1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the way ;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Saviour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,



1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the way ;

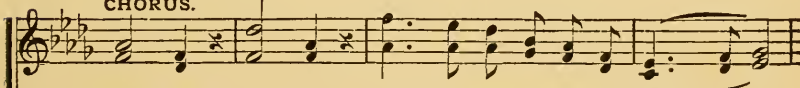


I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.
I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee rely.
To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped away.

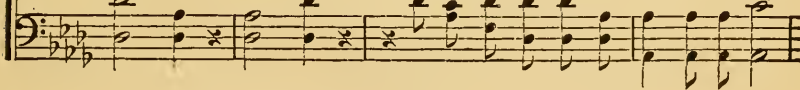


I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.

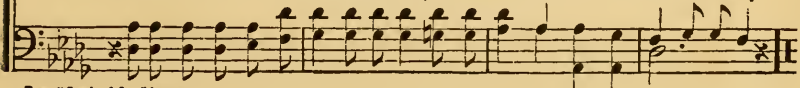
CHORUS.



Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray ; . . .
lest I stray ;

*rit. e dim.*

Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.



Gathering Home.

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE.

R. N. M'INTOSH. By per.

1. Up to the bounti-ful Giv-er of life,—Gathering home! gathering home!
 2. Up to the city where falleth no night,—Gathering home! gathering home!
 3. Up to the beautiful mansions above,—Gathering home! gathering home!

Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
 Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
 Safe in the arms of his in- finite love, The dear ones are gathering home.

CHORUS.

Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
 Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

Never to sorrow more, never to roam; Gathering home!
 Gath-er-ing home!

gath-er-ing home! God's children are gather-ing home.
 gath-er-ing home!

Singing of Jesus.

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET.

1. Singing of Je - sus, singing his prais - es, Praising with joy
 2. Singing of Je - sus, telling his mis - sion, Telling the life
 3. Singing of Je - sus, telling his sto - ry, Bearing a - far
 4. Singing of Je - sus, singing his prais - es, Bearing his name

our Lord and King; Singing his gos - pel, gift to all na - tions, Telling in
 he free - ly gave; Bearing his mes - sage, full of salva - tion, Telling in
 the hope of all; Showing his mer - cy, fount that is o - pen, Bearing in
 'mid sin and strife; Singing of heav - en, home of the bless - ed, Telling in

CHORUS.

song what it will bring. Singing of Je - sus, singing of Jesus:
 song, he died to save.
 song his loving call.
 song its perfect life.

Singing to-day, . . . singing to-day, Singing his gos - pel, his
 Singing to day, singing to - day, Singing his gos - pel,

gos - pel of glo - ry, This is the mu - sic of our way.
 gos - pel of glo - ry, This is the mu - sic of our way.

Praise the Lord.

TUCKERMAN. By per.

Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, | and all that | praise his | holy | name : | Praise the
| is within me | | Lord,

DUET.

O my | soul, | and for- | get not | all his | benefits ; | Who forgiveth | all thy | sins,

and | heal - eth | all thine in- | fir - mi - ties ; who | saveth thy

life from destruction, and crowneth thee with mercy and lov- ing kindness.

QUARTET.

O praise the Lord, ye | cel in | strength, | Ye that fulfil his command- | voice of
| angels of his, ye that ex- | | ments and hearken unto the |

his | word, | O praise the | ye his | hosts, | Ye ser- | his that | do his | pleasure.
 Lord, all | vants of |

DUET.

O speak good of the Lord, all ye | his do- | minion; | Praise thou the | Lord, | O my | soul.
 works of his, in all places of |

Praise thou the Lord, O my soul, Praise thou the Lord, O my soul.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, | and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, | ever shall | be, | world | without | end. A - men.
 is now, and

Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

*Very slow. pp**m*

1. Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me,
 2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
 3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
 4. Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned he, has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS.

cres.

m
 Come home, . come home, . Ye who are weary, come home,

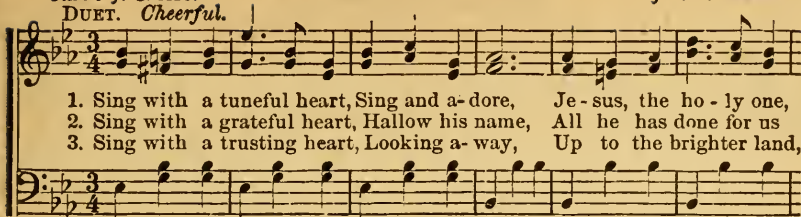
pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*
 Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

Joyfully Sing.

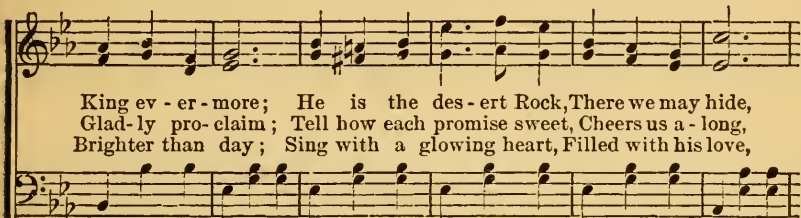
21

FANNY J. CROSBY.
DUET. *Cheerful.*

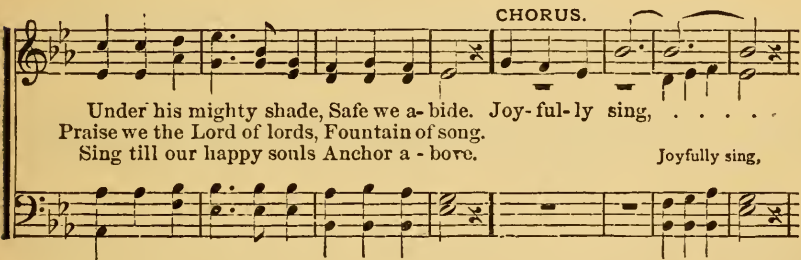
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Sing with a tuneful heart, Sing and a-dore, Je - sus, the ho - ly one,
2. Sing with a grateful heart, Hallow his name, All he has done for us
3. Sing with a trusting heart, Looking a-way, Up to the brighter land,

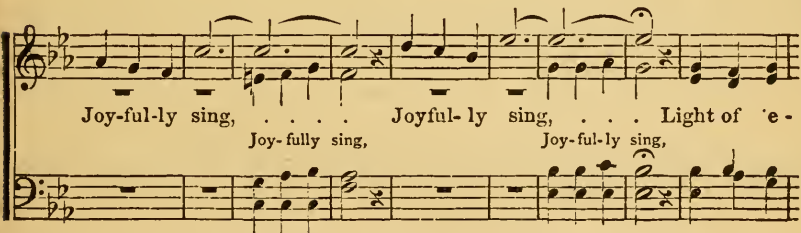


King ev - er - more; He is the des - ert Rock, There we may hide,
Glad - ly pro - claim; Tell how each promise sweet, Cheers us a - long,
Brighter than day; Sing with a glowing heart, Filled with his love,

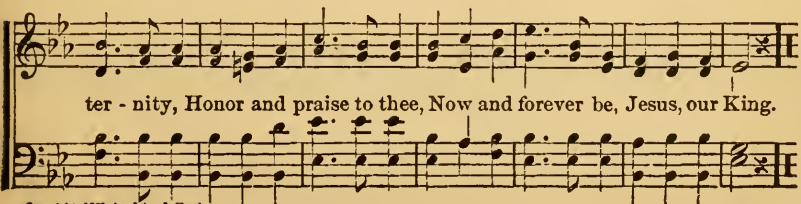


CHORUS.

Under his mighty shade, Safe we a - bide. Joy - ful - ly sing,
Praise we the Lord of lords, Fountain of song.
Sing till our happy souls Anchor a - bore. Joyfully sing,



Joy - ful - ly sing, Joy - ful - ly sing, Light of e -
Joy - fully sing, Joy - ful - ly sing,



ter - nity, Honor and praise to thee, Now and forever be, Jesus, our King.

Come Home.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—Luke 15 : 18.

W. F. COSNER.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. The Sa - viour in - vites you, poor wand'r'er, to come, The Fa - ther is
 2. Re - turn to the Fa - ther, who holds you so dear; Say, why will you
 3. Poor wan - der - er, haste, for the night draweth nigh; Say, why will you
 4. Come home, trembling mourner, oh, come and be blest, Here lay down your

wait - ing to wel - come you home; Now cease from your wand'rings so
 per - ish when plen - ty is near? Oh, leave the lone des - ert where
 lin - ger still? Why will you die? Tho' poor and un - worth - y, with
 bur - dens that you may find rest; Be cleansed from your sins, and to

lone - ly and wild; Re - turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child!
 shadows are piled; Re - turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child!
 sin all de - filed; The Fa - ther will wel - come his prod - i - gal child!
 God re - conciled; Re - turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child!

CHORUS.

Repeat Chorus pp.

Come home, come home, O prod - i - gal child, come home!
 Come home, come home,

Haste Away.

23

FANNY J. CROSBY.
DUET.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



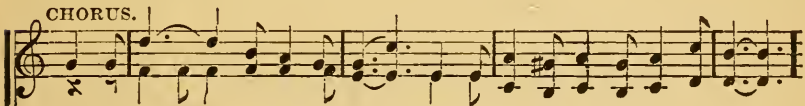
1. Traveler, haste, the day is wan - ing, Soon its lat - est beam will set;
2. Thou wilt find no oth - er ref - uge, He a - lone has power to save;
3. Do not wait un - til the mor - row, It may dawn, but not for thee;
4. Still thy long - reject - ed Sav - iour Bids thee ask him and re - ceive



Haste where mer - cy now invites thee, And thy Lord is waiting yet.
From the dark - ness of the fu - ture, From the mid - night of the grave.
Now there's par - don at the fountain, Precious foun - tain, full and free.
All the bless - ings he has promised When repent - ant souls be - lieve.

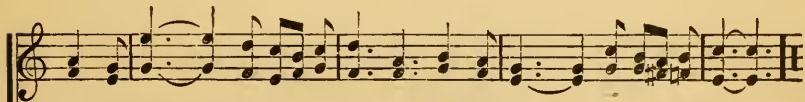


CHORUS.



Hear him say, . . . O why de - lay? Time is swiftly flying; do not stay;

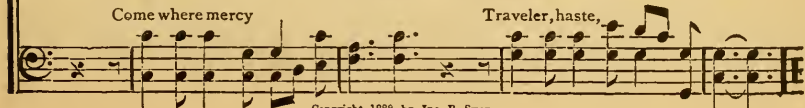
Hear him say,

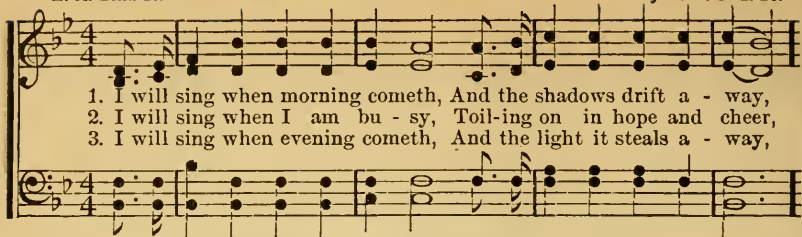


Come where mer - cy now invites thee, Traveler, haste, O haste a - way.

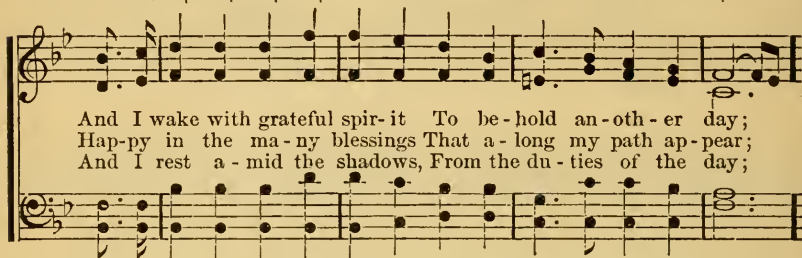
Come where mercy

Traveler, haste,

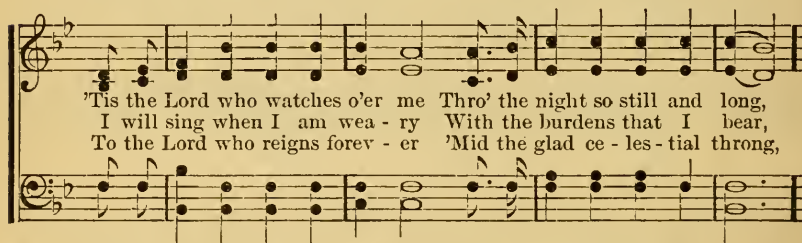




1. I will sing when morning cometh, And the shadows drift a - way,
 2. I will sing when I am bu - sy, Toil-ing on in hope and cheer,
 3. I will sing when evening cometh, And the light it steals a - way,



And I wake with grateful spir-it To be-hold an-oth-er day;
 Hap-py in the ma-n-y blessings That a-long my path ap-pear;
 And I rest a - mid the shadows, From the du-ties of the day;

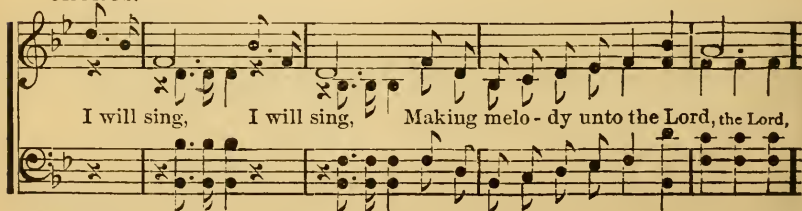


'Tis the Lord who watches o'er me Thro' the night so still and long,
 I will sing when I am wea-ry With the bur-dens that I bear,
 To the Lord who reigns forev-er 'Mid the glad ce-les-tial throng,



And to him who ev-er hear-eth I will lift a morning song.
 For the Lord will ev-er keep me In his ten-der love and care.
 To the Lord, my hope of heav-en, I will sing an evening song.

CHORUS.



I will sing, I will sing, Making melo-dy unto the Lord, the Lord,

Repeat pp.

I will sing, I will sing, Making melo - dy un - to the Lord.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first piece. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, with lyrics underneath. The accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Every One may have a Friend.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Every one may have a Friend, A loving Friend in Je - sus;
 2. Every one is tru - ly blest Who finds a Friend in Je - sus;
 3. Every one may have a home, Who seeks it now through Je - sus;
 4. Every one may have a crown, Who bears the cross for Je - sus;

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the second piece. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, with lyrics underneath. The accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Fine.

Saving, keeping to the end, For such a Friend is Je - sus.
 Love and pardon; peace and rest, We have them all in Je - sus.
 To the "Father's house" he'll come, Who journeys there with Je - sus.
 At his feet to lay it down, And glo - ry give to Je - sus.

Detailed description: This block contains the continuation of the musical score for the second piece. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, with lyrics underneath. The accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

D. S.—Every one a Friend may win, A loving Friend in Je - sus.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Every one who turns from sin, Asks the blessed Saviour in,

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the chorus of the second piece. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, with lyrics underneath. The accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

It is the Lord my Saviour.

E. A. BARNES.

"In full assurance of faith." Heb. x. 22.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I know who came to die for me, My soul to seek, my hope to be ;
2. I know who gives permission sweet To lay my burdens at his feet,
3. I know who dwells within my heart, His peace and Spirit to impart ;
4. I know who holds salvation's cup, And as I drink my faith looks up ;

I know who pleads for me above, My advocate, in boundless love.
 I know who will not turn away When in my faith I kneel to pray.
 I know who guides my steps aright, And keeps me ever in his sight.
 I know who has a place for me In mansions by the crystal sea !

CHORUS.

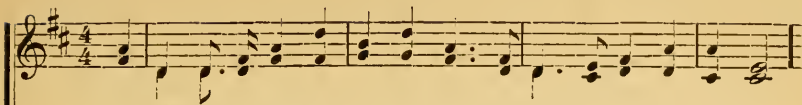
It is the Lord . . . my Saviour, It is the Lord . . . my Saviour,
 It is the Lord . . . It is the Lord . . .

It is the Lord . . . my Saviour, In whom I now believe.
 It is the Lord . . .

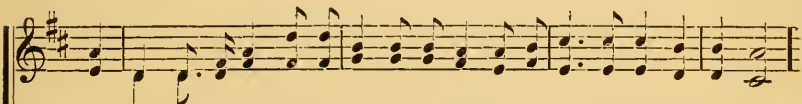
The Waters that Most Refresh. 27

J. J. REED.

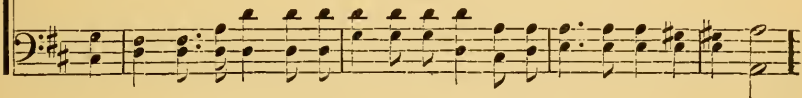
Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



1. The waters that most refresh the soul, And flood the heart with feeling,
2. They freely come forth unstain'd and pure, The boon of life bestow - ing,
3. When sorrows oppress, and days are dark, And hope seems almost dy - ing,
4. The spirit that drinks shall thirst no more, Nor faint nor sigh for - ev - er,



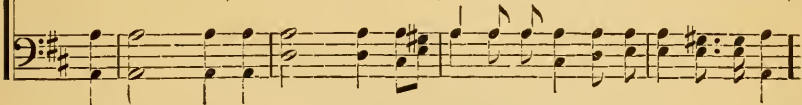
Distil from the "Rock that is higher than I," And are sweetest drank when kneeling.
And gladden the soul that is seeking for rest From the holy Fountain flowing.
Then forth from the Rock flows the water of bliss, In the gloom our wants supplying.
But soar to the Rock on the glorified shore, And rest by the crystal river.



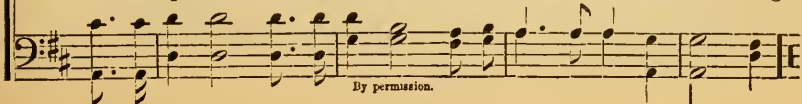
CHORUS.



Dear Sav - iour, dear Sav - iour, O give us to drink of the Water of Life,



To the spir - it so refresh - ing, That is sweetest drank when kneeling.



Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the hush of ear-ly morning, When the breeze is whisp'ring low,
 2. When the noontide falls up - on me, With its fer-vid light'ning ray,
 3. As the dew shades steal downward O'er the earth at evening mild,

There's a voice that gent-ly calls me, And its ac-cents well I know!
 There's a voice, di-vine-ly earn-est, Bids me work while it is day;
 There's a voice I love that whispers, "Af-ter la - bor, rest, my child!"

Here I am, O Saviour, wait-ing; For thy will a - lone is mine,
 O - pen, Saviour, now be - fore me All thy will for me to do,
 O my Saviour, lov - ing, ten - der, Help me to ac - count it blest

This is all my crown and glo - ry, I am thine, and on - ly thine!
 On - ly help me, watching, working, Still to keep my Lord in view!
 Thus to work within thy vineyard, Till thou call - est me to rest!

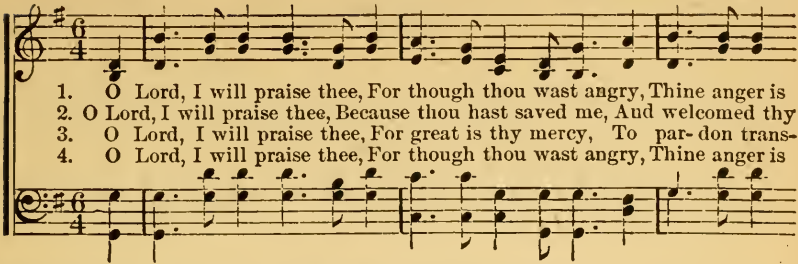
His Anger is Turned Away.

29

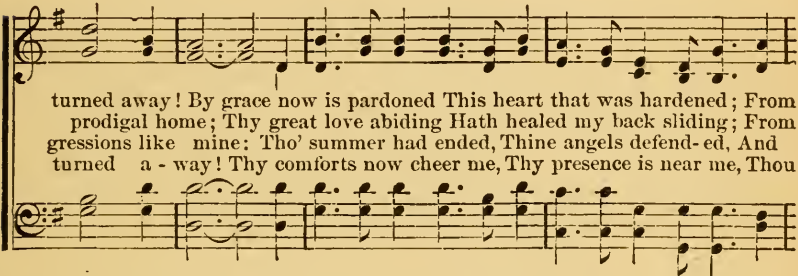
F. G. BURROUGHS.

Psalm 30. 5.

H. L. GILMOUR.

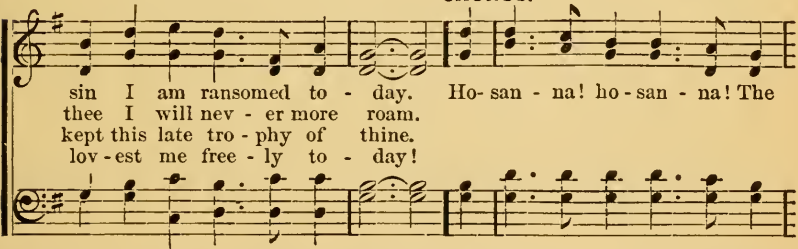


1. O Lord, I will praise thee, For though thou wast angry, Thine anger is
2. O Lord, I will praise thee, Because thou hast saved me, And welcomed thy
3. O Lord, I will praise thee, For great is thy mercy, To par-don trans-
4. O Lord, I will praise thee, For though thou wast angry, Thine anger is

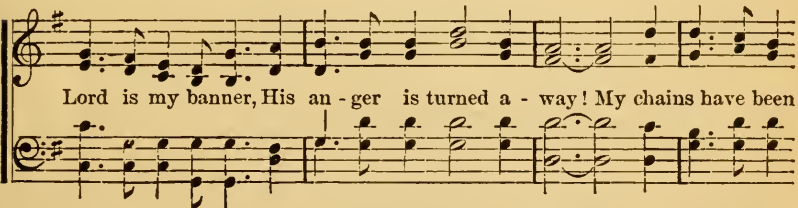


turned away! By grace now is pardoned This heart that was hardened; From
prodigal home; Thy great love abiding Hath healed my back sliding; From
gressions like mine; Tho' summer had ended, Thine angels defend-ed, And
turned a - way! Thy comforts now cheer me, Thy presence is near me, Thou

CHORUS.



sin I am ransomed to - day. Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! The
thee I will nev - er more roam.
kept this late tro - phy of thine.
lov - est me free - ly to - day!



Lord is my banner, His an - ger is turned a - way! My chains have been



riv - en, My sins all for - given; O Lord, I will praise thee to - day.

Everlasting Love.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Wondrous words! how rich in blessing! Deeper than th'unfathomed sea;
 2. Down to low - est depths it reaches— The all - lov - ing Father's arm,
 3. Weary spir - its,—sad with toiling 'Mid the sorrows of life's way—

Broader than its world of wa - ters, Boundless, in - fi - nite and free:
 Toward his reb - el children yearning, Drawing them with mag - ic charm;
 Feel their heav - y burdens lightened, As they journey day by day;

High - er than the heavens a - bove, Is that Ev - er - last - ing Love;
 Till the yielding spir - its move, Touched by Ev - er - last - ing Love;
 How with quickened steps they move, Cheered by Ev - er - last - ing Love;

High - er than the heavens a - bove, Is that Ev - er - last - ing Love.
 Till the yielding spir - its move, Touched by Ev - er - last - ing Love.
 How with quickened steps they move, Cheered by Ev - er - last - ing Love.

4 I have set thee as a signet,
 Graven on my hands thy name;
 Lo, I still am with thee always,
 Evermore thy Friend—the same;
 ||: Never changing—thou wilt prove
 Mine is Everlasting Love. ||

5 In my house of many mansions,
 I've prepared a place for thee,
 Where are no dark clouds or tempests,
 Where I am, there thou shalt be—
 ||: All the untold bliss to prove,
 Of my Everlasting Love. ||

As We are Known.

31

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. "We shall know as we are known," When the years, unveiled, are shown In the
2. "We shall know as we are known," And the blessed guiding own, That has
3. "We shall know as we are known," Ev-'ry trembling undertone Lost in

glo-ry of the Morning Land; Then the Master will explain Ev-'ry
compassed all our ways with love, Sowing, in the darksome night. Seeds of
chords of noblest har-mo-ny, Notes that seemed as discord here, Now the

CHORUS.

link in mercy's chain, Ev-'ry onward step divinely plann'd. When we see our Saviour
gladness and of light, Seeds to bloom in endless joy above.
prelude, sweet and clear, Of the song to rise eternally. When we see

there, Made "like him" in beauty fair, When we meet.
our Saviour there, Made "like him" in beauty fair, in beauty fair, When we

... around the throne, "We shall know as we are known."
meet around the throne, know as we are known, as we are known.

The Wonderful Name.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET.

1. What did the an-gels say? hymn-ing their joy-ous lay,
2. Earth heard the welcome sound; long had the nations round
3. Van-ish, ye fu-neral train,—sha-dows of grief and pain,—

While the dark midnight grew brighter than morn; Glory came blazing through,
Wait-ed in darkness, this light drawing near, Waited be-side the tomb,
This is Death's victor, as sin was Death's sting; Mourner, put by thy tears,

gild-ing the stars a-new, List the glad tidings, a Saviour is born.
weeping in deepest gloom, Life rose in sorrow and ended in fear.
trembler, dismiss thy fears; Come home, ye banished, and welcome your King.

ALTO SOLO.

What shall we call his name, whom angel hosts proclaim? How shall earth's
But o-ver vale and height, joy, like a bea-con light, Rose up-ward,
Sin, death, and hell o'erthrown. glory is all his own, In-to his

DUET.

children his prais-es be-gin?
- fanned by that heaven-drawn breath:
mansions bright, leading us in:

Wondrous and Mighty One,
"Lo, we have found our Lord,
O-ver the plains above

God's own E - ter - nal Son, Call his name Je - sus, the Sav - iour from sin.
 this is the promised Word," Call his name Je - sus, the Saviour from death.
 ech - oes his name of Love, Je - sus, our Saviour from death and from sin.

CHORUS. *Allegretto.* *rit.*

Call his name Jesus, call his name Jesus, Call his name Jesus, the Saviour from sin.

Jesus will Meet You There.

W. L. K.

W. LEWIS KANE.

1. { Come to Calv'ry's mount to - day, Je - sus will meet you there; }
 { Look and live without de - lay, Je - sus will meet you there. }

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus, Don't stay away, my friend; Come to Jesus, Dont stay away.

2 Rest beneath the hallowed cross,
 Jesus will meet you there;
 Saving mercy gained for loss,
 Jesus will meet you there.

3 Come and join his faithful band,
 Jesus will meet you there;
 Take his mighty, helping hand,
 Jesus will meet you there.

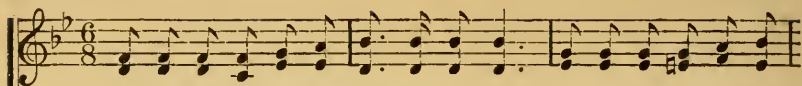
4 At the blessed mercy seat,
 Jesus will meet you there;
 Come with this assurance sweet,
 Jesus will meet you there.

5 You'll find rest in heaven at last,
 Jesus will meet you there;
 And be happy with the blest,
 Jesus will meet you there.

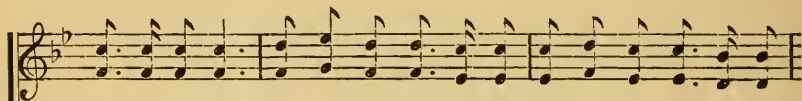
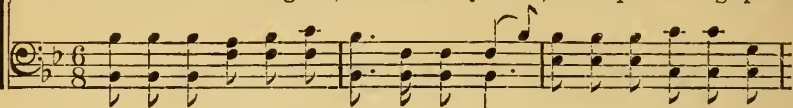
Come to the Throne of Grace.

E. E. HEWITT.

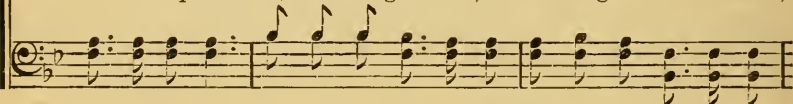
JNO. R. SWENEY.



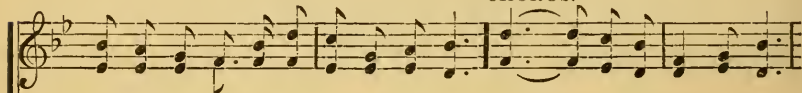
1. Come to the throne of grace, Mercy is here; Seeking the Father's face,
2. Come to the throne of grace, Bring thy request; Christ is thy resting place,
3. Come to the throne of grace With thankful song, God's tender goodness trace
4. Come to the throne of grace, Known are thy needs; Look up to that high place



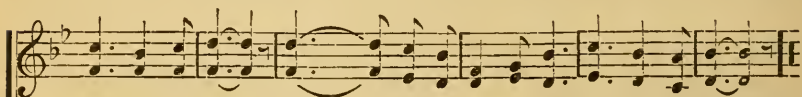
Humbly draw near. Come, by the "living way," O - pen for thee to-day,
 Lean on his breast. Come, for his name is Love, Come, and his nature prove,
 Life's path along. Come, for he waits to bless; His guardian care confess,
 Where Jesus pleads. Oh, not for angel bands, —As our High Priest he stands,



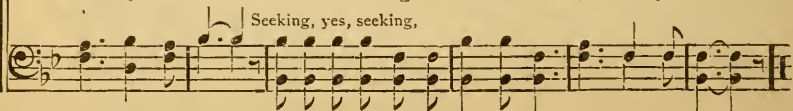
CHORUS.



Come, hear thy Saviour say, "Be of good cheer." Come to the throne of grace.
 He will thy sin remove, As east from west.
 His promised gifts possess, Come, and grow strong.
 Lifting his pierced hands, Still intercedes. Come, oh, come,



Mer - cy is here, Seek - ing the Father's face, Humbly draw near.
 Seeking, yes, seeking,



That Mansion of Mine.

35

EDGAR PAGE. CHO. by H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I think oft - en - times of that man - sion of mine, A - wait - ing me
 2. O man - sion in glo - ry, my Fa - ther hath reared; O rest for the
 3. O man - sion of mine, 'neath the palm - bearing trees, Mid flow'rs ev - er
 4. O man - sion of mine, for I hope to be there, The saints of the

there, o'er the bounda - ry line, The light of its glo - ry seems
 wea - ry, by Je - sus prepared: I'm near - ing thy por - tals, thy
 bloom - ing, the white - robed to please; O riv - er of life, with thy
 Lord in thy glo - ry shall share: We'll tell it all o - ver, how

saying, "Come home," The Spir - it within sings my soul sweetly on.
 wide o - pen door, Be near, my dear Saviour, to lead safe - ly o'er.
 sil - ver - y flow, The taste of thy wa - ters I'm long - ing to know.
 Je - sus we found, While harps shall be tuned, and our songs shall resound.

CHORUS.

In my Fa - ther's house are many man - sions, Where all the blood - washed roam
 ma - ny, ma - ny, Far be

yond the pearly gates, Where a loving Saviour waits, To welcome the ransomed
 home.

Only a Word.

CHAS. ED. POLLOCK.

J. T. GRAPE.

*Tenderly.**p*

1. On - ly a word for the Mas - ter, Loving-ly, qui - et - ly
 2. On - ly a look of re - monstrance, Sorrowful, gentle and
 3. On - ly some act of de - vo - tion, Willingly, joy - ful - ly
 4. "Only"—but Je - sus is look - ing, Constantly, tender - ly

said; On - ly a word! Yet the Master heard; And some
 deep; On - ly a look! Yet the strong man shook; And he
 done; "Surely 'twas naught," So the proud world thought; But yet
 down To earth, and sees Those who strive to please, And their

CHORUS.

faint - ing hearts were fed. On - ly a word for the Master,
 went a - lone to weep!
 souls for Christ were won!
 love he loves to crown.

Lov - ing - ly, qui - et - ly said; On - ly a word! Yet the

Rit.

Mas - ter heard; And some faint - ing hearts were fed.

Joy in Heaven.

37

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

Moderato.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

rit.

There is joy, there is joy, There is joy in heaven:

Andante.

1. A ransomed soul re - turns, The path of sin for - sak - ing,
2. A weep - ing sin - ner kneels, The chains of death are brok - en,
3. No news of pain or care, The jas - per sea o'er-reaching,
4. O then to God re - turn, - Come back and be for - giv - en,

And while his sad heart mourns, The harps of God are wak - ing.
And soon his glad heart feels The Saviour's welcome spok - en.
But sweet is echoed there The contrite heart's beseech - ing.
And soon thy heart shall learn To know the joy of heav - en.

CHORUS.

{ All the golden bells are ringing, } All the lov - ing an - gels say,
{ All the angel choirs are singing, }

"There is joy in heav'n to-day, There is joy, there is joy, joy joy to-day."

Redeeming Love.

M. MADAN.

H. A. LEWIS.

1. Now be-gin the heav'nly theme, Sing aloud in Je-sus' name;
 2. Ye who see the Father's grace Beaming in the Saviour's face;
 3. Welcome all by sin oppressed, Welcome to his sa-cred rest;

Ye who Je - sus' kindness prove, Triumph in re-deeming love.
 As to Ca - naan on ye move, Praise and bless re-deeming love.
 Nothing brought him from a - bove, Nothing but re-deeming love.

CHORUS.

Hith - er then your mu - sic bring,
 Hither then your music bring. Strike a-

Strike aloud each joyful string; Mortals, join
 loud each joy-ful string Mortals, join the host a-

the host a - bove, Join to praise re-deeming love.
 bove, , Join to praise redeeming love.

The Everlasting Song.

39

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come, O my soul, my ev-'ry power awak - ing, Look un - to Him whose
 2. Think, O my soul, how patient - ly he sought thee, Far, far a - way up -
 3. Sing, O my soul, and let thy pure de - vot - ion Rise to his throne, — thy
 4. Soon, O my soul, thy earthly house forsaking, Soon shalt thou rise the

goodness crowns thy days; While into song an - gel - ic choirs are breaking,
 on the mountains steep, Then in his arms how tender - ly he brought thee
 Saviour, Friend, and Guide; Sing of his love, that, like a mighty o - cean,
 bet - ter land to see; Then wilt thy harp, a nobler strain a - wak - ing,

CHORUS.

Oh, let thy voice its thankful tri - bute raise. Tell how a - lone the
 Home to his fold, a wea - ry, wand'ring sheep.
 Flows un - to thee, and all the world be - side.
 Praise him who died to purchase life for thee.

path of death he trod; Tell how he lives, thy Ad - vocate with God;

Lift up thy voice, while heaven's triumphant throng
 Swell at his feet the everlasting song.

1. Why will ye die, when promised life eternal,—When from thy guilt Christ
 2. Why will ye die, when bread is given free-ly,—When without price ye
 3. Why will ye die, when for thy full redemp-tion Je-sus, thy Saviour,
 4. Why will ye die beneath your heavy burdens, When Jesus calls, "Come

of-fers thee release? Why will ye choose the ways of sin and fol-ly,
 all may buy and eat? Why will ye faint be-side the flow-ing fountain,—
 died up-on the cross? Why will ye turn from gifts of eudless val-ue,
 un-to me and rest?" Light is the bur-den of his lov-ing kindness;

CHORUS.

When wisdom's paths are pleasantness and peace? Why will ye die?
 Why taste his wrath, when pardon is so sweet?
 Try-ing to grasp earth's emptiness and dross?
 Eas-y the yoke of service he hath blest!

ritard.

Why will ye die? Je-sus is asking,—lost one, reply; "Just as I am,

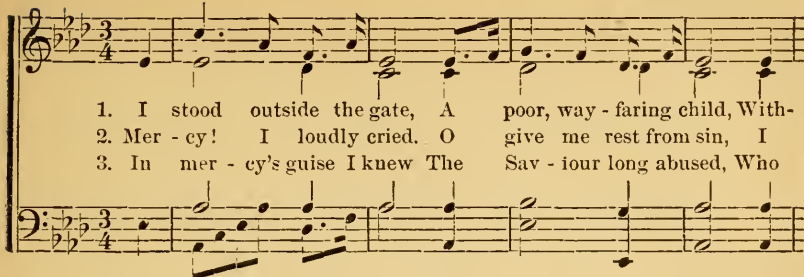
thou dy-ing Lamb, Take me, and save me, just as I am.

I Stood Outside the Gate.

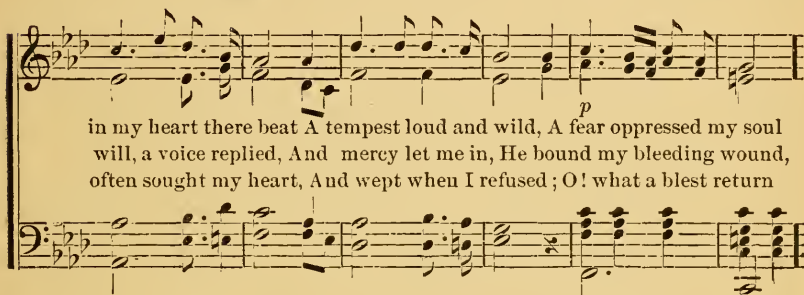
41

H. L. EDMONDS.

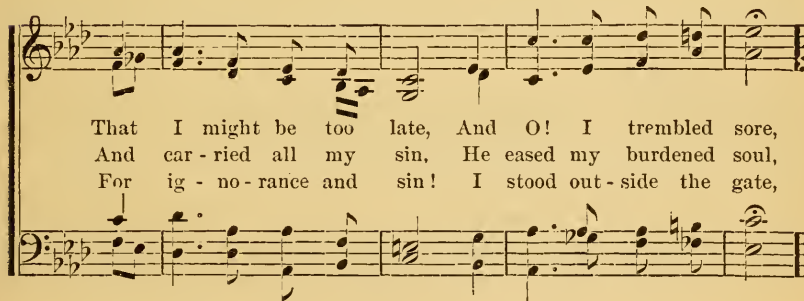
SOLO.




1. I stood outside the gate, A poor, way-faring child, With-
2. Mer-cy! I loudly cried. O give me rest from sin, I
3. In mer-cy's guise I knew The Sav-iour long abused, Who



in my heart there beat A tempest loud and wild, A fear *p* oppressed my soul
will, a voice replied, And mercy let me in, He bound my bleeding wound,
often sought my heart, And wept when I refused; O! what a blest return



That I might be too late, And O! I trembled sore,
And car-ried all my sin, He eased my burdened soul,
For ig-no-rance and sin! I stood out-side the gate,



And prayed out-side the gate, And prayed out-side the gate.
Then Je-sus took me in, Then Je-sus took me in.
And Je-sus let me in, And Je-sus let me in.

The King in His Beauty.

WM. T. JONES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.—Alto and Tenor.

1. How lovely are thy dwellings, O Zi-on bright and fair,
 2. The promised day is dawning, When all the ran-somed throng
 3. Oh, blessed, blessed morning, When, all their per-ils o'er,
 4. And still the time draws nearer, Their triumph soon will come,

Unnumbered are the legions Whose harps shall e-cho there.
 With joy shall come to Zi-on, And ev-er-last-ing song.
 They hear the shout of welcome That greets them from the shore!
 And heaven's e-ternal anthems Proclaim the con-querors home.

CHORUS.

The King in his beauty Their rap-tured eyes shall see,

And in his roy-al palace For-ev-er they shall be.

Glory to Jesus, He Saves.

43

P. B.

P. BILMORR.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus who died on the tree, Paid the great price that my
 2. Once in my heart there was sin and despair, Now the dear Saviour him-
 3. Come, then, ye wea - ry, who long to be free, Come to the Saviour, he

soul might be free; Now I can sing hal - le - lu - jah to God,
 self dwelleth there, And from his pres - ence comes peace to my soul,
 wait - eth for thee; Then with the ransomed this song you can sing,

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! he saves, he saves. Glo - ry! he saves, glo - ry! he saves,

Saves a poor sin - ner like me; Glo - ry! he saves,

glo - ry! he saves, Saves a poor sin - ner like me. like me.

JAMES, L. BLACK.
DUET.—Soprano and Tenor.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O Kedron, love-ly Kedron! Whose pensive music blest
2. O Kedron, love-ly Kedron! What hallowed memories twine
3. The evening star in beau - ty Unveils its light as then,
4. O Kedron, love-ly Kedron! In fancied dreams of thee,

The heart of him who sought thee For one sweet hour of rest.
Around thy dew - y mar - gin, When day's last beams decline.
And o'er thy pla - cid bos - om Re - flects a smile a - gain.
Be - side thy peaceful wa - ters Our bless - ed Lord we see.

CHORUS.

As he, our Sav - iour, lingered A - mid thy frag - rant air,

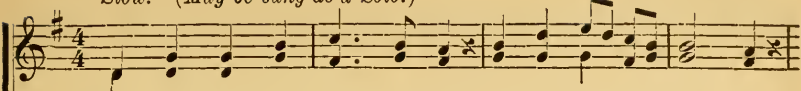
We steal a - way, at close of day, For one sweet hour of prayer.

Our Gratitude.

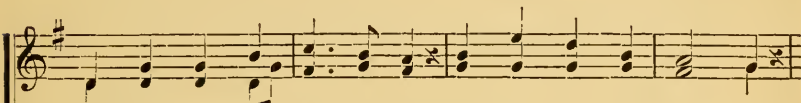
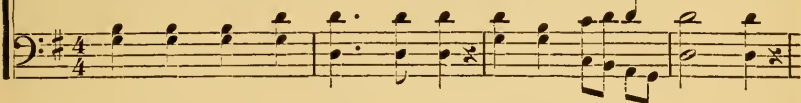
45

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

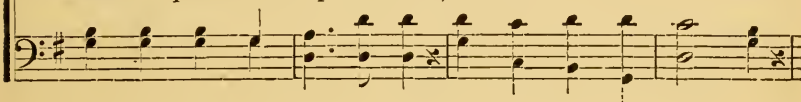
Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

Slow. (May be sung as a Solo.)

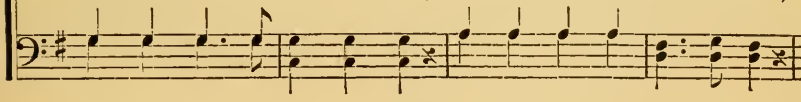
1. When I think of Je - sus' love, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus;
2. When I feel my sins forgiv'n, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus;
3. When he sends his spir - it down, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus;



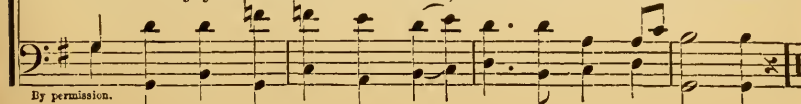
How he came from heav'n a - bove, Oh! how I love Je - sus.
When I read or sing of heav'n, Oh! how I love Je - sus.
When he points to harp and crown, Oh! how I love Je - sus.



When I know he died for me, On the hill of Cal - va - ry;
When he bids me come and rest, On his kind and lov - ing breast,
When he tells me of the bliss, In that bet - ter world than this,



Died to set my spir - it free, Then how I love Je - sus.
Then my grateful heart is blest, Oh! how I love Je - sus.
Of the joys I would not miss, Then how I love Je - sus.



It Just Suits Me.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. What a wonder - ful salvation! For its length and breadth and height
 2. Oh, this blessed "who-so - ev - er," Calling ev - 'ry one who will,
 3. Precious promis - es of Je - sus, Sweeping ev - 'ry human need!
 4. What a perfect, present Saviour! What a true and loving friend!

Far ex - cel the grandest knowledge Of the ser - a - phim in light;
 To the sparkling, liv - ing waters, Flowing ful - ly, free - ly still;
 For the grace of our Redeem - er Must our high - est thought exceed;
 Can we ev - er praise him rightly? Tell how grace and glo - ry blend?

I can nev - er, nev - er fathom Half its ho - ly mys - ter - y,
 No, I know not why he loves me, But his blood is all my plea;
 To the mighty, roy - al storehouse Let me use the gold - en key,
 Now the Prince of Peace is reigning, O - ver - rul - ing all I see;

CHORUS.

But I know it is for sinners, And it just suits me. It just suits
 I can trust his "whoso - ev - er," For it just suits me.
 Find the special, tender promise That will just suit me.
 So, whatev - er lot he orders, May it just suit me.

me, It just suits me, This wonderful salvation, It just suits me.

The Name All Names Above.

H. S.

H. SANDERS.

1. O Jesus dear, that blessed name; O how it thrills the burdened heart,
 2. O blessed name! to me more dear Than all the pleasures life can give,
 3. O Jesus, Lord, that blessed name, The source of all my joy and peace;

Dispels all gloom and pain, and fear; And bids each anxious care depart.
 It is my peace, my hope, my joy, The food on which my soul doth live.
 'Tis all my hope, my life, my love, My All, till time and sense shall cease.

REFRAIN.

O blessed name, O glorious name,
O bless - ed name, O glo - rious name,

The blessed name of Je - sus; O sweetest name,
O blessed name,

O dearest name, O precious name of Je - sus.
O sweetest name,

Unison.

1. { A - rise, ye sons of Zi - on, Her favored time is near; Your conq'ring
Till all benighted regions Your song of vict'ry sings, And earth shall

Parts.

Fine. 1st.

God re - ly on, March onward, never fear. Till all benighted regions
yield allegiance To Je - sus, King of kings.

Your song of vict'ry sings, And earth shall yield allegiance To Jesus, King of kings.

BARITONE SOLO.

2d.

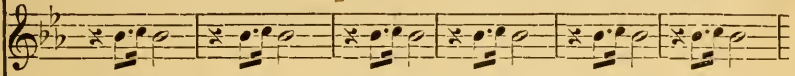
{ Roll the glad news ev - er on - ward, See the
{ Roll on till the night shall van - ish In the

VOICES IN UNISON.

Roll on, roll on, roll on, ro'l on, Roll on,



cross, your ban - ner, shine; Je - sus leads his faith - ful -
 gos - pel's joy - ous dawn; Je - sus reigns, his word shall



roll on, roll on, roll on, Roll on, roll on, roll on,



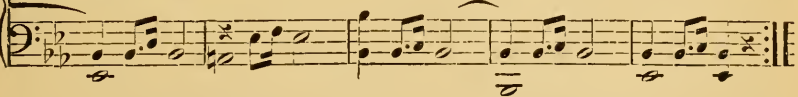
Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.



van - guard, Fol - low on in might di - vine.
 ban - ish Eve - ry chain by er - ror drawn.



roll on, Roll on, roll on, roll on, roll on,



2ND VERSE.

The desert's dreary silence
 Shall echo with his name;
 The multitude of islands
 His saving power proclaim.
 ||: While wave to wave repliest,
 His kingdom shall increase;
 Sing glory in the highest,
 He reigns, the Prince of Peace. :||

SOLO.

Roll on, tidings of salvation, [shore,
 Glad news spread from shore to
 Lift on high each waiting nation,
 Tell the story o'er and o'er.
 Roll on as a river flowing,
 Widening till it reach the sea;
 Peace and joy in Christ bestowing,
 Bid the heathen's shadows flee.
Emory Hymnal, No. 2-D

The Saviour is My All in All.

P. B.

"Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost."—Heb. vii. 25. P. BILHORN.



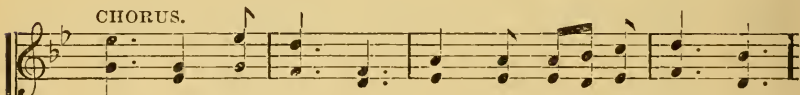
1. The Saviour is my all in all, He is my constant theme!
2. His Spir-it gives sweet peace within, And bids all care de-part!
3. And whatso-ev-er I may ask, To glo-ri-fy his name,
4. Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, rejoice, Give thanks unto thy God!



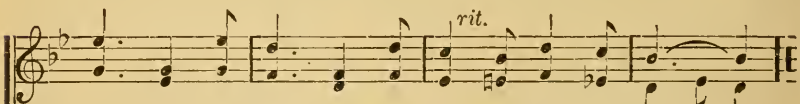
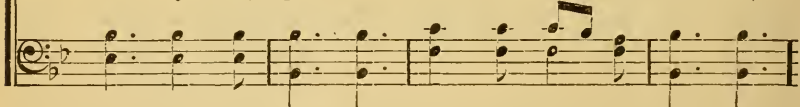
By sim-ply trust-ing in his word He keeps me pure and clean.
 He fills my soul with righteousness, And pu-ri-fies the heart.
 The Fa-ther free-ly gives to me, Since Christ the Saviour came.
 Who took thee in thy sin-ful-ness, And cleansed thee by his blood!



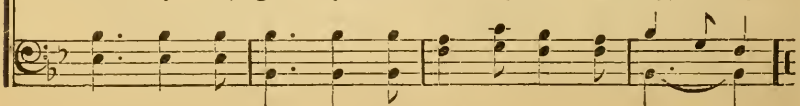
CHORUS.



Glo-ry! oh, glo-ry! Je-sus hath redeemed me;



Glo-ry! oh, glo-ry! He washed my sins a-way, a-way!



Praise for His Greatness.

51

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

Allegro moderato.

1. Praise, for his ex - cellent greatness, Him who rules the earth and sky ;
2. Gather the nations before him, Let them know his sovereign power ;
3. Praise to the Lord, our Cre - a - tor, He shall reign for ev - er - more ;

Praise him with trumpet and cym - bal, Glory be to God on high.
He is the hope of his peo - ple, He their blessed rock and tower.
Praise to the Lord our Preserv - er He the faithful will re - store.

CHORUS.*ff Tutti.*

Mighty King, thus we sing, Glory, honor, praise to thee, Praise to thee, praise to thee,

Glory be to God on high ; Glory, honor, praise to thee, Glory be to God on high.

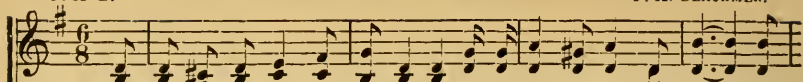
4 Under his banner of mercy,
What have we on earth to fear ?
He will defend us from danger,
He our Shepherd still is near.

5 Praise we the Lord our Redeemer,
Praise his name with heart and voice,
Tell of his wonderful goodness,
Let the world in him rejoice.


Never a Day so Sunny.

F. A. B.

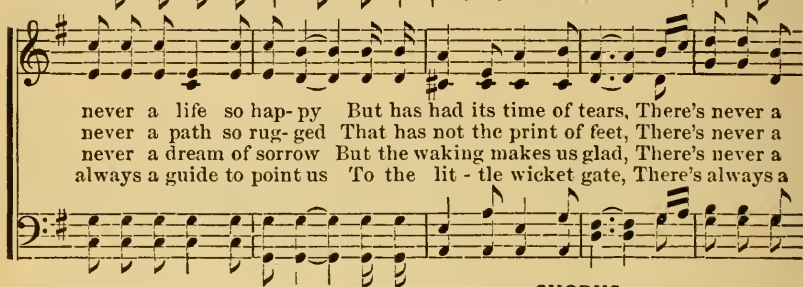
F. A. BLACKMER.



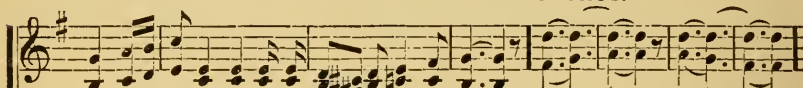
1. There's never a day so sun-ny But a lit-tle cloud appears; There's
 2. There's never a cup so pleasant But has bitter with the sweet; There's
 3. There's never a dream that's happy But the waking makes us sad; There's
 4. There's never a way so narrow But the entrance is made straight, There's



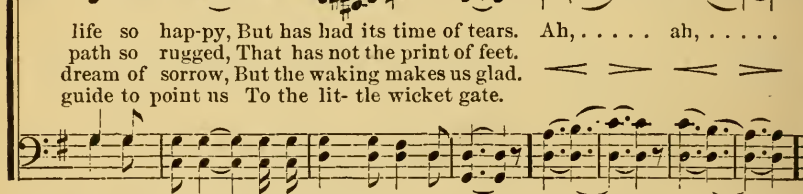
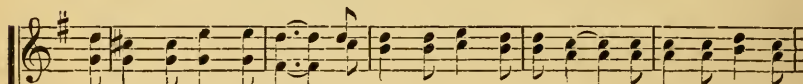
never a life so hap-py But has had its time of tears, There's never a
 never a path so rug-ged That has not the print of feet, There's never a
 never a dream of sorrow But the waking makes us glad, There's never a
 always a guide to point us To the lit-tle wicket gate, There's always a



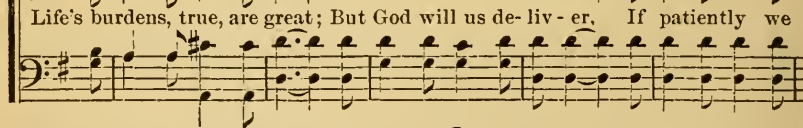
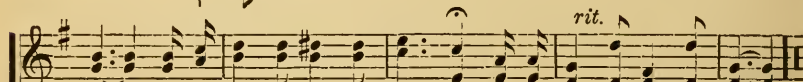
CHORUS.



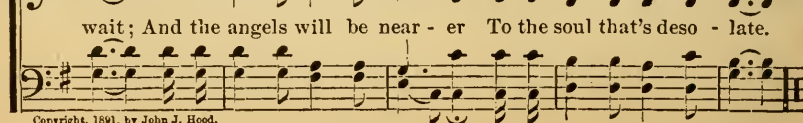
life so hap-py, But has had its time of tears. Ah, ah,
 path so rugged, That has not the print of feet. < > < >
 dream of sorrow, But the waking makes us glad.
 guide to point us To the lit-tle wicket gate.

Life's burdens, true, are great; But God will us de-liv-er, If patiently we

wait; And the angels will be near-er To the soul that's deso-late.




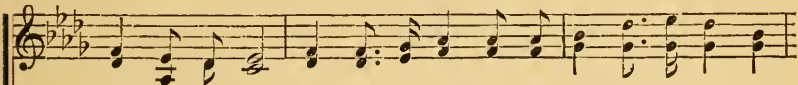
Stepping in the Light.

53

L. H. EDMUNDS.

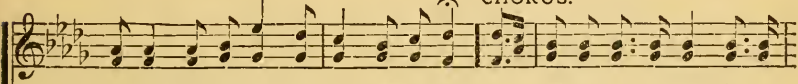
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

- 
1. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Trying to follow our
 2. Pressing more closely to him who is leading, When we are tempted to
 3. Walking in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
 4. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Upward, still upward we'll

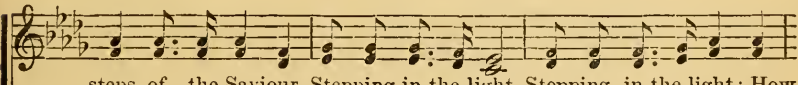


Saviour and King; Shaping our lives by his blessed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us,
mer - cy, and love, Looking to him for the grace free - ly promised,
fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beauty."

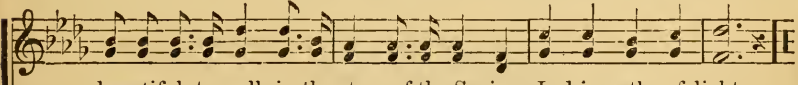
CHORUS.



Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beautiful to walk in the
Happy, how happy, our praises each day.
Happy, how happy, our journey above.
Happy, how happy, our place at his side.



steps of the Saviour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How



beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour. Led in paths of light.

SALLIE M. SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. 'Tis the hour of so - cial meeting, Blessed hour we love so dear!
 2. Tho' from him we oft have wandered, If a - gain we seek his face,
 3. He who knows our ev - 'ry weakness Bids us now to him draw near,
 4. Blessed hour of pure de - vo - tion! On its wings our spir - its rise,

Ho - ly thoughts, like music stealing Soft - ly whis - per, God is here.
 To his fa - vor he'll restore us, Thro' his free, abundant grace.
 Lights the lamp of faith within us, Brings a balm our souls to cheer.
 And re - ceive a precious foretaste Of a home beyond the skies.

CHORUS.

God is here, we feel his presence, God is here, and that to bless;

Oh, the bliss of such a moment Mortal tongue can ne'er ex - press.

Give Praise to God.

55

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Mrs JOS. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. { Within God's temple now we meet, To praise his holy name, Give praise to
 { His wondrous mercies we repeat, His wondrous love proclaim, Give praise to

CHORUS.

God! Give praise to God! } O sing we now our loud ho - sannas, Till
 God! Give praise to God! }

far and wide the ech - oes ring, Give praise, give praise to God, Give

praise, give praise to God, Let every heart, let every tongue Give praise to God.

2 The gifts he sends us from his hand,
 Our gratitude invite,
 Give praise to God! give praise to God!
 The peace that now controls the land,
 Bids every heart unite.
 Give praise to God! give praise to God!

3 But more than any gift beside,
 We prize his holy Son;
 Give praise to God! give praise to God!
 Who came to earth, was crucified,
 And our redemption won!
 Give praise to God! give praise to God!

LIDIE H. EDMUNDS.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. O come, to Cal-va-ry turning, Je-sus is calling for thee; His heart so
 2. O hark! in life's sunny morning, Jesus is calling for thee; Sweet flowers thy
 3. O soul so burdened and weary, Jesus is calling for thee; He'll lift the
 4. But still the Saviour is calling, Jesus is calling for thee; Though now the

tenderly yearning, Jesus is calling for thee. Come now, and enter the
 pathway adorning, Jesus is calling for thee. He sends thee gladness and
 shadows so dreary, Jesus is calling for thee. In love thy troubles are
 night-dews are falling, Jesus is calling for thee. E'en though so long thou hast

fountain, Fountain of mercy so free; Though sin arise like a mountain,
 pleasure, Wilt thou not thank him to-day? Come now, and seek endless treasure,
 giv-en, Sorrow is on-ly his voice That bids thee look up to Heaven,
 slighted, Slighted salvation so great, Yet his own promise is plighted,

CHORUS.

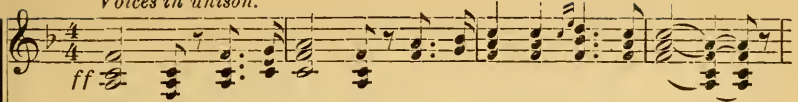
Je-sus is call-ing for thee. Call-ing, call-ing, Je-sus is
 Joys that are brighter than day.
 Look, and in Je-sus re-joice.
 Come; Je-sus stands at the gate.

calling for thee, Call-ing, call-ing, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.

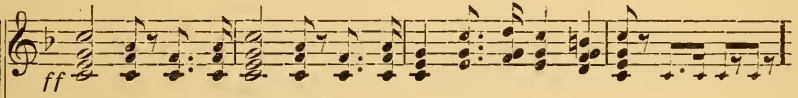
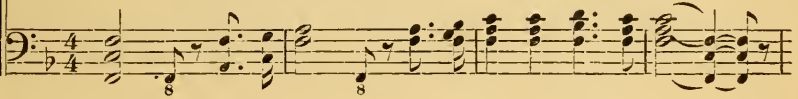
Welcome Song.

57

GOUNOD.

Voices in unison.

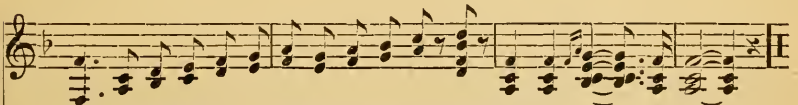
1. Wel - come, day of blessing! Peace and joy thy moments bring,
- 2 Car - ol, men and maidens! With the angels sound his praise,
3. On - ward, bear his standard! Spread the triumphs of his name!
4. Crown him, then ye peo - ple Crown the Saviour, Prince of Peace!



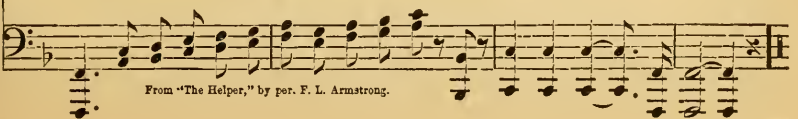
Welcome, day of gladness! Round the earth may thy praises ring,
Car - ol, youth and children, In full chorus your voices raise.
Upward, lift the banner, And the forces of e - vil shame.
Crown him, O ye nations For his kingdom shall still increase!



This day is the promise sealed, This day is the love of God revealed,



O - ver Bethlehem, the angel voices sing, The birthday of our King.

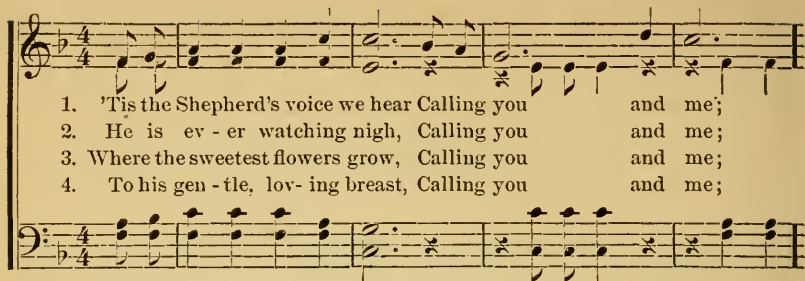


From "The Helper," by per. F. L. Armstrong.

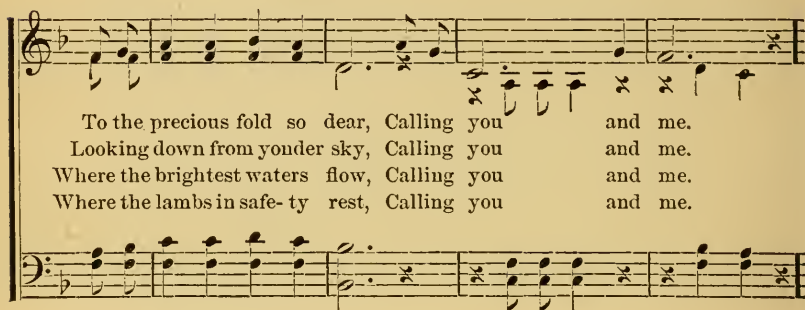
Calling You and Me.

S. MARTIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

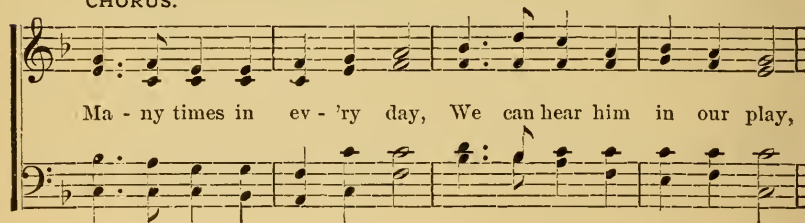


1. 'Tis the Shepherd's voice we hear Calling you and me;
 2. He is ev - er watching nigh, Calling you and me;
 3. Where the sweetest flowers grow, Calling you and me;
 4. To his gen - tle, lov - ing breast, Calling you and me;

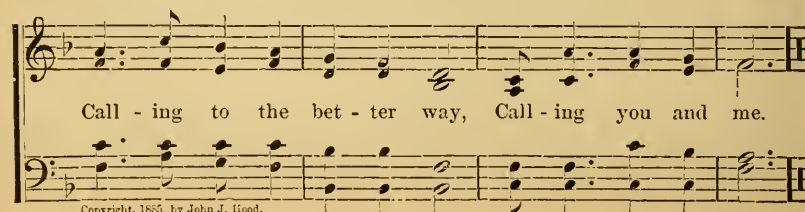


To the precious fold so dear, Calling you and me.
 Looking down from yonder sky, Calling you and me.
 Where the brightest waters flow, Calling you and me.
 Where the lambs in safe - ty rest, Calling you and me.

CHORUS.



Ma - ny times in ev - 'ry day, We can hear him in our play,



Call - ing to the bet - ter way, Call - ing you and me.

Bring Them In.

59

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help him the lit - tle
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain

dark and drear, Call - ing the lambs who've gone a - stray,
lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,
wild and high, Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee,

CHORUS.

Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way. Bring them in,
Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
"Go find my lambs where'er they be."

bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the little ones to Je - sus.

The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der embrace, And
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
 4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
 5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, he pa - tient - ly waits To

burdened with sin, and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice saying,
 faith taking hold of the word, My fetters fell off, and I
 been the OLD STORY so blest Of Jesus, who'll save who-so-
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Jesus' strong arm, where no
 save by his power di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the

D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the

make me your choice; And I entered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 anchored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 tem - pest can harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."
 wild, stormy deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

D. S.

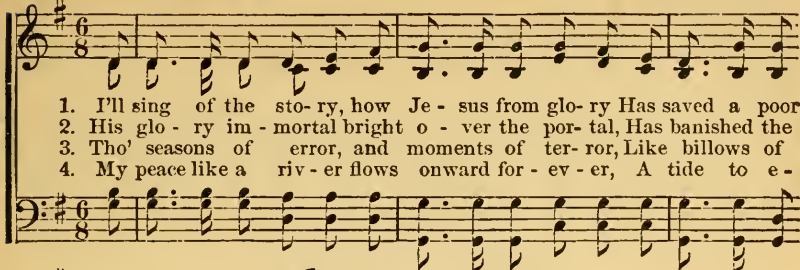
I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

To Save a Poor Sinner.

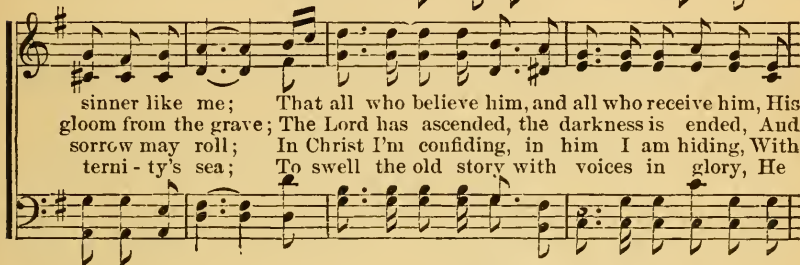
61

REV. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M.

GRACE I. FOSTER.

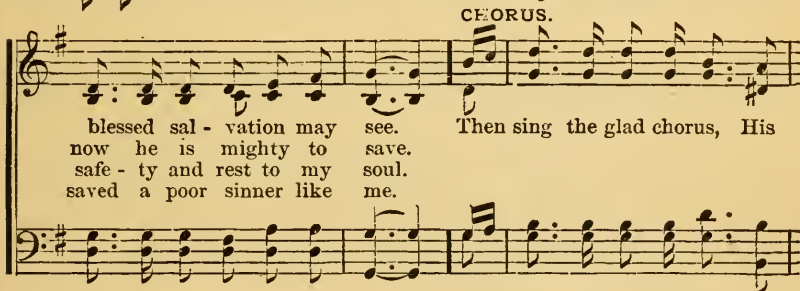


1. I'll sing of the sto-ry, how Je - sus from glo-ry Has saved a poor
2. His glo - ry im - mortal bright o - ver the por - tal, Has banished the
3. Tho' seasons of error, and moments of ter - ror, Like billows of
4. My peace like a riv - er flows onward for - ev - er, A tide to e -

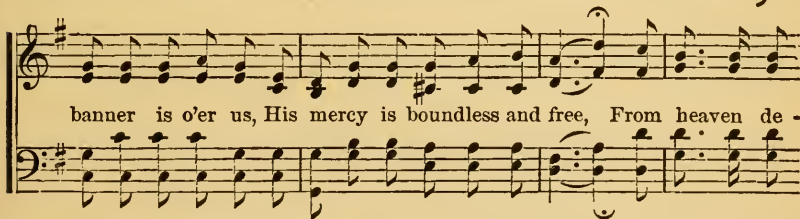


sinner like me; That all who believe him, and all who receive him, His
gloom from the grave; The Lord has ascended, the darkness is ended, And
sorrow may roll; In Christ I'm confiding, in him I am hiding, With
terni - ty's sea; To swell the old story with voices in glory, He

CHORUS.

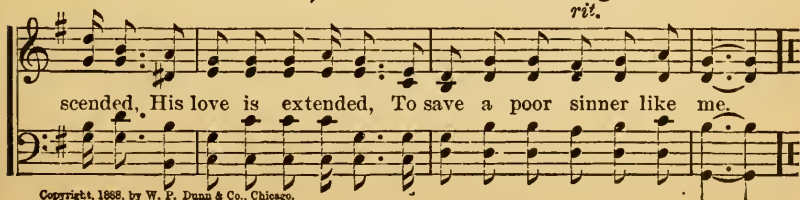


blessed sal - vation may see. Then sing the glad chorus, His
now he is mighty to save.
safe - ty and rest to my soul.
saved a poor sinner like me.



banner is o'er us, His mercy is boundless and free, From heaven de -

rit.



scended, His love is extended, To save a poor sinner like me.

Give Thanks.

E. E. HEWITT.

Jno. R. SWENEY.

1. O give thanks unto the Lord, Give thanks, give thanks! Swell the full, tri-
 2. For the way in which he leads, Give thangs, give thanks! Timely care in
 3. For the greatness of his might, Give thanks, give thanks! All in vain his

um-phant chord, Give thanks! For his wonderful cre - a - tion, For his
 all our needs, Give thanks! Daily bread his hand provid - ing, Pathway
 foes u - nite, Give thanks! For his banner o'er us streaming, For his

glo-rious salvation, Give all praise and adoration, O give thanks, give thanks.
 thro' the seas dividing, Thro' the desert safely guiding, O give thanks, give thanks.
 love upon us beaming, For his grace our souls redeeming, O give thanks, give thanks.

CHORUS.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, For his mer-cy en-

dur-eth for - ev - er; O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good,

For his mercy en-dur-eth for-ev - er, O give thanks, O give thanks.

A Helping Hand.

ELIZA D. HAND.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are coming from the mountains, From the ocean strand; From the valleys
 2. We have seen our brothers falling, Thro' the wine-cup's wiles. And we know the
 3. We have heard the cries of anguish Rise from broken hearts O'er the forms of

CHORUS.

we are surging O-ver all the land. We will lend a helping hand,
 tempting dem-on Kills while it beguiles.
 loved ones stricken By its hellish darts.

We will lend a help-ing hand, To aid the right against the wrong,

We will lend a help-ing hand.

4 We are coming to the rescue:
 Help us, Lord, to win
 These, our tempted, erring brothers,
 From this deadly sin.

5 Help them rise to virtuous manhood,
 Temperate and pure;
 For "To him that overcometh"
 The reward is sure.

Have You Heard ?

H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Have you heard, when sad and weary Je- sus sat on Jacob's well, How a
 2. Have you heard, he fed five thousand, With five loaves, two fishes small, Which he
 3. Have you heard, that in the garden Jesus sweat great drops of blood? His di-

woman came for water, And the sto-ry he did tell Of the well of liv-ing
 brake to his di-siples, And they gave to one and all? Do you know he still is
 sciples all forsook him, When he prayed unto his God? But the cup did not pass

water, Springing ever, flowing free?—Whosoever thirsts may have it, Sinner,
 feeding Hungry souls who to him come? Do you know he still is leading Willing
 from him, For on Calvary he died, Where his blood flow'd out for sinners, As the

CHORUS.

come, it is for thee. The old, old sto-ry ev-er new, The
 feet to heaven and home?
 soldiers pierced his side. ev-er new,

old, old sto-ry grand and true, Tell it out for God's own
 grand and true,

glo-ry, 'Tis the same old Gospel story, Of a free and full sal - va - tion.

4 Have you heard he broke death's fetters
As he rose from Joseph's grave;
For no Roman seal, or soldiers,
Could prevent the plan to save.

And to-day he reigns in glory,
Borne by cloud to native sky,
Hear, oh, hear the "old, old story,"
Sinner, turn: why will you die.

On the Way.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O, bless the Lord, what joy is mine! What perfect peace thro' grace divine!
2. O, bless the Lord, he dwells with me, The voice I hear, the hand I see
3. O, bless the Lord for what I know Of heavenly bliss while here below!
4. O, bless the Lord 'twill not be long Till I shall join the ho - ly throng,

Fine.

And now to realms of end - less day, O, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.
Renew my strength from day to day While home to him I'm on the way.
My trusting heart thro' faith can say, To mansions bright I'm on the way.
And shout and sing thro' endless day, Where every tear is wiped a - way.

D.S.—crown to wear in end - less day, O, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.

CHORUS.

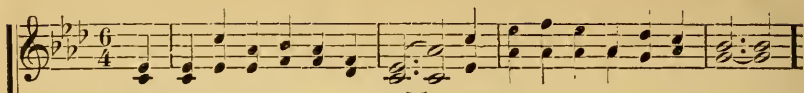
D.S.

I'm on the way, I'm on the way, In vain the world would bid me stay: A

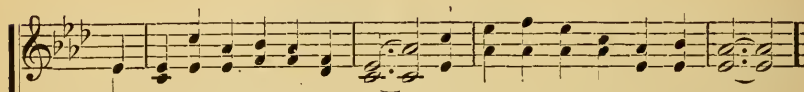
The Christian's Joy.

Mrs. C. H. EVANS.

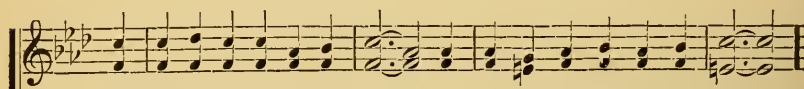
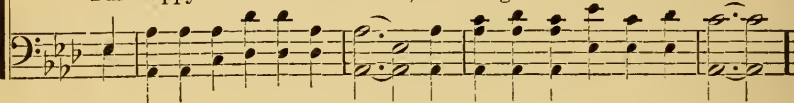
Rev. G. W. SHRECK.



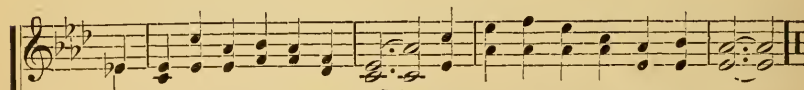
1. How happy, how peaceful the hour, Now Jesus my Saviour I see,
2. Thus sweet to my heart is the song Of Jesus my Lord and my King,
3. My life to his cause I've re-signed, I'm blest with the light of his love,



Life's prospects, its songs and its flowers, Are bright as its sunshine to me.
 Who came from the portals a-bove, That all full salvation might sing.
 I'm happy in heart and in mind, No longer in sin would I rove.



My eyes have refused to be dim, In nature all things are so gay,
 Without this dear Saviour and guide Life's path would be silent and drear;
 The dark clouds have gone from my sky, Oh, keep them away, I im - plore,



For now I am happy in him, His love has illumined the way.
 With him I will sweetly a - bide, And there cast all trouble and care.
 Then take me, I feel thou art nigh, I fear sin and sorrow no more.



Anywhere With Jesus.

67

JESSIE H. BROWN. "I will trust and not be afraid." Isaiah xii. 2. D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. An-ywhere with Je-sus I can safe-ly go, An-ywhere He
2. An-ywhere with Je-sus I am not a-lone, Other friends may
3. An-ywhere with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the darkling

leads me in this world be-low. ' Anywhere without him, dearest
fail me, He is still my own. Tho' his hand may lead me o-ver
shadows round a-bout me creep; Knowing I shall waken nev-er

joys would fade, Anywhere with Je-sus I am not a-fraid.
dearest ways, Anywhere with Je-sus is a house of praise.
more to roam, Anywhere with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

An-y-where! an-y-where! Fear I can-not know,

An-y-where with Je-sus I can safe-ly go.

He'll Wipe the Tears.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When darkness shrouds your lone - ly path, And long and
 2. He comes to bind the brok - en heart; He comes to
 3. In pas - tures green ye shall lie down, And rest be-

drear - y seems the way, With aching heart and tearful eyes
 make the darkness light, To guide your wea - ry feet to find
 side the liv - ing spring; Oh, joy of joys! when heaven is gained

You sigh in vain for break of day, O pilgrim, then look up; be-
 The blessed morn that hath no night. And when your soul shall joyful
 Ye shall not want for an - y - thing, For there shall be no pain nor

hold! A bright light shin - ing in the sky, The "Bright and
 rise To its ce - les - tial home on high The Lord shall
 death; Ye shall not sor - row, neither cry. For God him-

Morn - ing Star" ap - pears; He'll wipe the tears from ev - 'ry eye.
 lead you ten - der - ly, He'll wipe the tears from ev - 'ry eye.
 self shall be your God, He'll wipe the tears from ev - 'ry eye.

The Healeth the Broken Hearted.

69

IDA L. REED.

Luke iv. 18.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. He healeth the broken hearted, How cheering the thought and sweet,
2. He healeth the broken hearted;—'Tis ev - er a blessed thought,
3. He healeth the broken hearted, Doth ev - er their strength sustain,

He bindeth their wounds, our Saviour, And guideth their wayworn feet.
None know but the sad and weary What peace the dear words have brought.
His love cannot fail nor fal - ter, 'Tis ev - er a balm for pain.

CHORUS.

He healeth the broken hearted, He cheereth the weary and weak,

And out of their doubts and their troubles He lifteth the souls of the meek.

"Mizpah."

"Mizpah: . . . The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."
 E. E. HEWITT. Gen. xxxi. 49. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Let us ask the precious Sav - iour To go with us while we part,
 2. Know we not what changes wait us, But we know our mighty Guide,
 3. In his tender hands entrust - ing Ev - ry link in love's bright chain;
 4. Meet a - gain, no more to sev - er, In the "beautiful beyond,"

For his presence in life's journey Peace and comfort will impart.
 Safe are we in his dear keeping, Hap - py, when he walks beside.
 'Tis a blessed hope that whispers, Sure - ly we shall meet a - gain.
 Where the love of our Redeem - er Is the strongest, sweetest bond.

CHORUS.

Long our hallowed prayer will lin - ger, Mingling with sweet melo - dy;

Poco ritard.

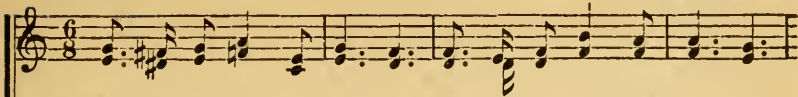
Be our wish at parting, "Mizpah," May the Lord keep watch over you and me.

Angels Above are Singing.

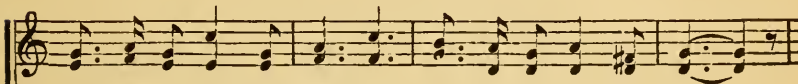
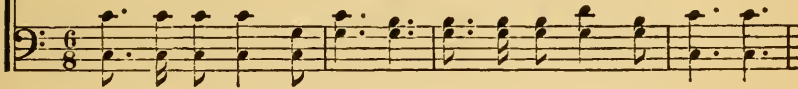
71

F. A. S.

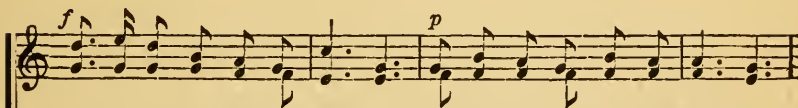
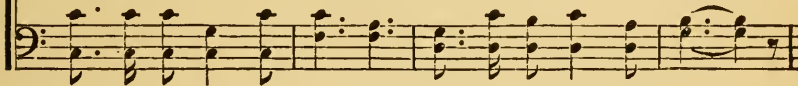
FRANCIS A. SIMKINS.



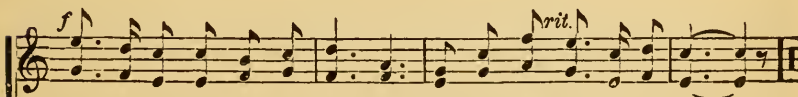
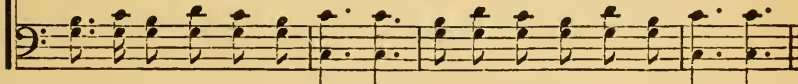
1. An - gels a - bove are sing - ing, Heav - en - ly harps are ring - ing,
2. There, where the stars are gleaming, There, where thy smile is beam - ing,
3. Nev - er - more sin nor sigh - ing, Nev - er - more grief nor cry - ing,



Voic - es to me are bring - ing Whis - pers of joy to be;
 Sweet - ly my soul is dream - ing, Long - ing thy face to sec:
 Nev - er - more pain nor dy - ing, — Joy ev - er - more for me:

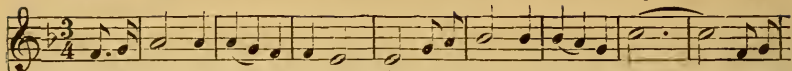


Oh, to be yon - der, up yon - der, Nev - er, no, nev - er to wan - der,
 Ev - er thy pow - er con - fess - ing, — Seeking thy fa - vor and bless - ing,
 Praising thee ev - er and ev - er, Leaving thee nev - er, no, nev - er,

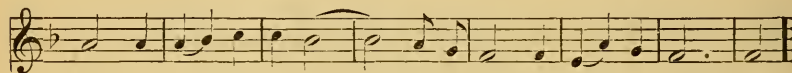


Ev - er my heart grow - ing fond - er, — Fond - er, dear Master, of thee.
 Still is my soul ev - er press - ing, — Pressing yet near - er to thee.
 Dwell - ing in glo - ry for - ev - er, — Ev - er, for - ev - er with thee.

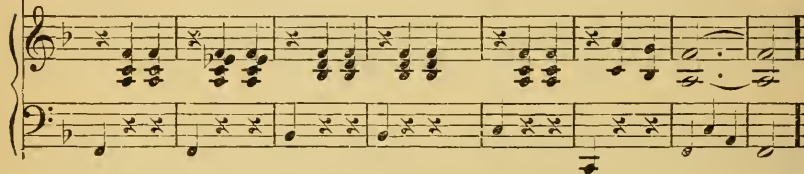




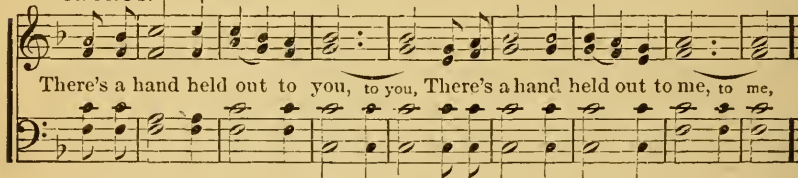
1. There's a hand held out in pi-ty, There's a hand held out in love; It will
 2. Oh, how gently will it lead us! Oh, how tender is its touch! 'Tis the
 3. Yes, 'tis love to me, a sin-ner, Prompts this hand to reach so low, Striving
 4. Shall I, to this hand extended, Pay no heed as it in-vites? Shall my



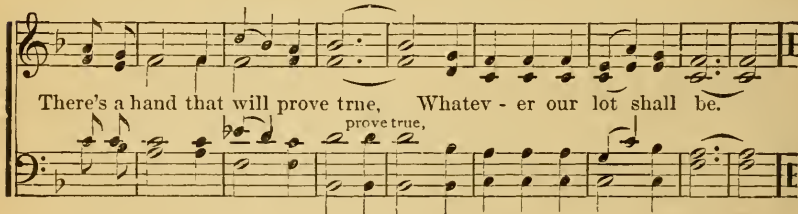
pi - lot to the ci - ty, Where our Father dwells a - bove.
 bless - ed hand of Je - sus; We all need it, oh, so much!
 thus to be the win - ner, Ere I reap what I shall sow.
 Sav - iour be of - fend - ed, Give I not to him his rights?



CHORUS.



There's a hand held out to you, to you, There's a hand held out to me, to me,



There's a hand that will prove true, Whatev - er our lot shall be.

- 5 Nay, I would this proffered hand take, Knowing that it leads aright;
 Yes, I would this loving choice make; Trusting in his love and might.
- 6 Then, as hand in hand together
 With my Saviour, with my Friend,
 With my Christ, my Elder Brother,
 Let him lead till life shall end.

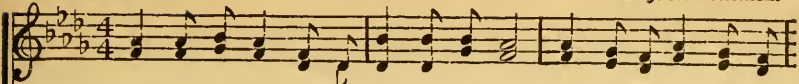
He's Mighty to Save.

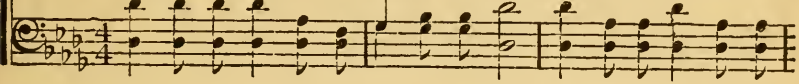
73

E. E. HEWITT.

Isaiah lxiii. 1.

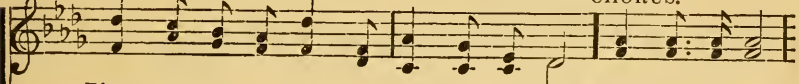
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

- 
1. Je - sus is wait - ing his grace to be - stow ; Sin "red like crimson" he
 2. Stand - ing a - lone in the strife we shall fail, Close to our Leader his
 3. Take him the bur - den that weighs on your heart, Take him the trouble, he'll
 4. Up from the val - ley the dark - ness is gone When Jesus brings there the

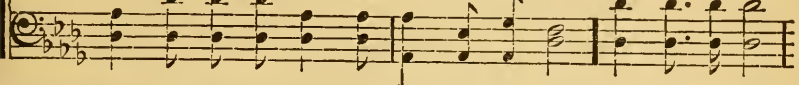


makes white as snow ; Lov - ing us free - ly, his life - blood he gave ;
might will pre - vail ; Or if a bless - ing for oth - ers we crave,
com - fort im - part ; Held by his hand we can walk on the wave ;
beau - ty of dawn ; Vic - t'ry, glad vic - t'ry, we sing o'er the grave !

CHORUS.

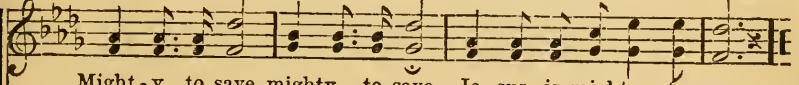


Bless - ed Redeem - er ! he's might - y to save. Might - y to save,
Pray on, be - liev - ing, — he's might - y to save.
Look up to Je - sus, he's might - y to save.
Glo ry to Je - sus ! he's might - y to save.

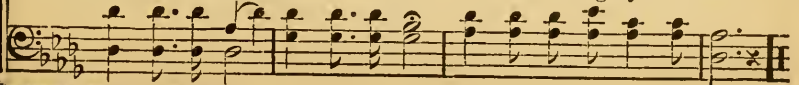


might - y to save, Je - sus is might - y to save ;

is might - y to save, he is



Might - y to save, mighty to save, Je - sus is mighty to save.



Out in the Sunshine.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Out in the sunshine of in - fi - nite love, Breathing the fragrance of
 2. Out in the sunshine, though shadows may fall, Yet will I thank thee and
 3. Out in the sunshine sweet music I hear, Tender - ly wafting a
 4. Out in the sunshine by faith I can see, Mansions in glo - ry pre-

E - den a - bove; I am so hap - py, O Sa - viour di - vine,
 praise thee for all; Nev - er, no, nev - er my heart shall re - pine,
 song on my ear; Oh, what a bless - ed as - sur - ance is mine,
 par - ing for me; O my Re - deem - er, what rap - ture is mine,

CHORUS.

Liv - ing or dy - ing, to know I am thine. Yes, . . . I am
 Liv - ing or dy - ing, I know I am thine.
 Liv - ing or dy - ing, I know I am thine.
 Liv - ing or dy - ing, I know I am thine. Yes, I am thine,

thine, . . . Lord, . . . I am thine, . . .
 Lord, I am thine, Yes, I am thine, Lord, I am thine,

Liv - - ing or dy - - ing, I know . . . I am thine.
 Liv - ing or dy - ing, I know I am thine, I know, I know I am thine.

Just as I Am.

75

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

H. L. EDMONDS.

Andante.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 Fightings and fears within, without, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

REFRAIN.

Just as I am; thou wilt receive, Wilt we'come, par - don, cleanse, relieve;
 Just as I am; thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, par - don, cleanse, relieve;

rit.
 Because thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, thy love unknown
 Hath broken every barrier down,
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

A Shout of Victory.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. March on, march on, follow the mighty Commander ; March on, march on ;
 2. March on, march on ; joyful - ly singing, hosanna ; March on, march on ;
 3. March on, march on ; still by his might overcoming ; March on, march on ;

Jesus our Captain and Lord ; March on, march on ; see that your steps never
 fighting the bat - tle of faith ; March on, march on ; manfully bearing his
 singing his glory and grace ; March on, march on ; till in the heaven - ly

CHORUS.

fal - ter, March on, march on, heeding his ev - 'ry word. There's a
 ban - ner, March on, march on, faithful e'en un - to death.
 pal - ace, March on, march on, we shall behold his face.

song, . . . that blends with prayer, . . . There's a shout . . . up -

There's a song,

that blends with prayer,

There's a shout

on the air ; . . . 'Tis a song . . . of grace so

up - on the air,

'Tis a song

free, 'Tis a shout of vic - to - ry. vic - to - ry.
of grace so free, 'Tis the shout, the shout of vic - to - ry.

His Yoke is Easy.

Ps. xxiii.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me down to
2. My soul crieth out: "restore me again, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk in the valley of death, Yet why should I fear from

lie In pastures green, He leadeth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
take The narrow path of righteousness, E'en for his own name's sake."
ill? For thou art with me, and thy rod And staff me comfort still.

CHORUS.

His yoke is eas - y, His bur - den is light, I've found it so, I've found it so ;

He lead - eth me, by day and by night, Where living waters flow.

'Tis Summer in My Heart.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I know in whom my soul believes, I know in whom I trust;
 2. I know the Sun of Righteousness Illumes the path I tread;
 3. How sweet to walk o - bedient - ly With Christ my lov - ing Lord;
 4. I know in yon - der mansion bright For me there is a place;

The Ho - ly One, the mer - ci - ful, The on - ly wise and just.
 And buds of hope that nev - er die Their balm - y o - dor shed.
 And learn in sim - ple, childlike faith My du - ty from his word.
 And there with Je - sus I shall wake, And see him face to face.

CHORUS.

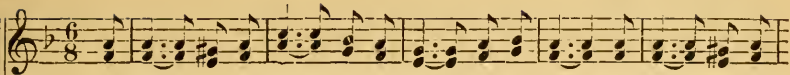
I know in whom my soul believes, And all my fears de - part;

For though the win - ter winds may blow, 'Tis summer in my heart.

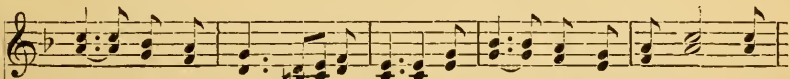
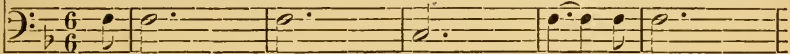
I Love Thee, My Lord.

79

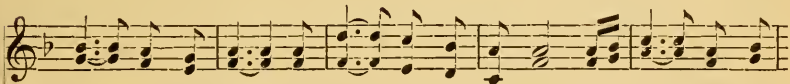
Arr. by R. R. BARTIS.



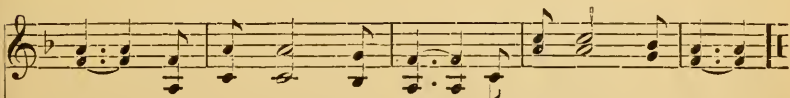
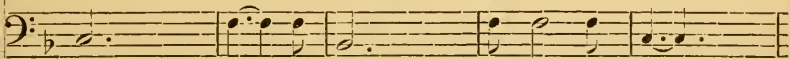
1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord, I love thee, my
 2. I'm hap - py, I'm hap - py, O wondrous ac - count! My joys are im -
 3. O Je - sus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest! My life and sal -
 4. O who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King; He smiles and he



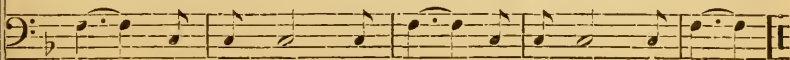
Saviour, I trust in thy word; I love thee, I love thee, and
 mor - tal, I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treasure, and
 va - tion, my joy and my rest! Thy name be my theme, and thy
 loves me, inspires me to sing; I'll praise him, I'll praise him with



that thou dost know, But how much I love thee I nev - er can
 long to be there, With Je - sus and an - gels, my kindred so
 love be my song, Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my
 notes loud and shrill, While riv - ers of pleasure my spir - it doth



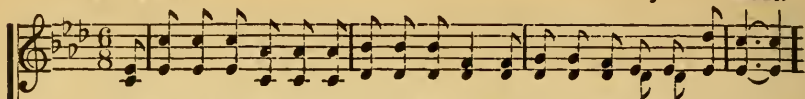
show, I nev - er can show, I nev - er can show.
 dear, my kin - dred so dear, my kin - dred so dear.
 tongue, my heart and my tongue, my heart and my tongue.
 fill, my spir - it doth fill, my spir - it doth fill.



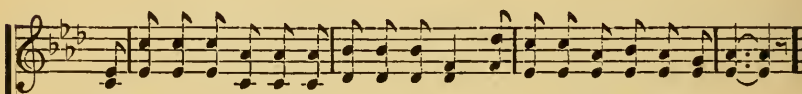
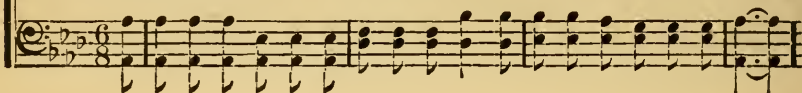
I'm Happy, so Happy!

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

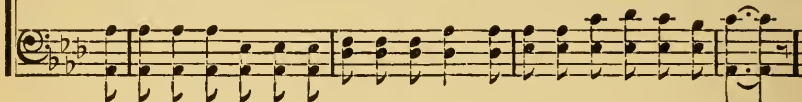
JNO. R. SWENEY.



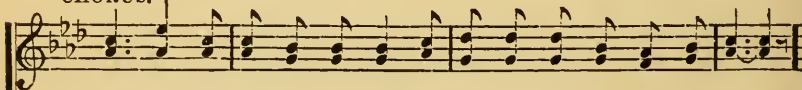
1. I'm happy, so happy! no words can express The joy and the comfort I see,
2. I'm happy, so happy! while trusting in him Whose presence o'ershadows my way;
3. My love may be tested, my faith may be tried, The depth of its fervor to prove,
4. O blessed Redeemer, some day I shall stand O'erwhelmed with the light of thy face,



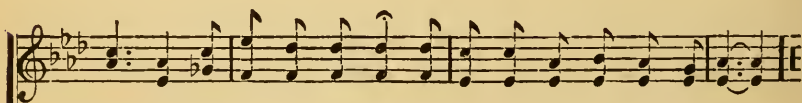
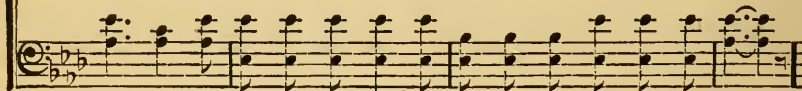
For Jesus hath purchased, thro' infinite grace, A perfect salvation for me.
 Who leadeth my soul by the river of peace, And giveth me strength as my day.
 But welcome each trial, my Saviour designs The gold from the dross to remove.
 Adoring forever, and shouting thy praise, Because thou hast saved me by grace.



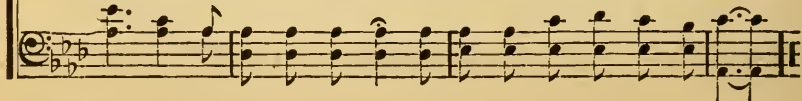
CHORUS.



Saved, saved, oh, glo - ry to God! I feel the as - surance di - vine;



Saved, saved, oh, glo - ry to God! His Spir - it bears witness with mine.



That Gentle Whisper.

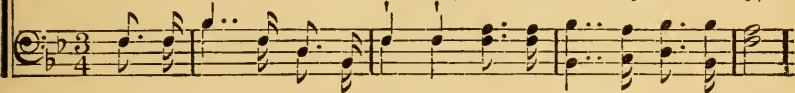
81

E. E. HEWITT.

ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Do you hear that gentle whisper? Sweeter accents cannot be;
2. Wait not till the evening shadows Close around your dark'ning way,
3. Come, and bring your fresh affections, Youth's bright flowers of joy and love,
4. Leave these shallow streams untasted, Nev - er can they sat - is - fy,



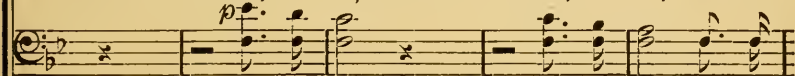
'Tis the Saviour's in - vi - ta - tion, "Come, my child, oh, come to me."
Come, while morning dew-drops sparkle, Come, while ear-ly sunbeams play.
Come, to find e - ternal treasures, Find your tru - est Friend above.
Come, to drink of living wa - ters, Freely flowing from on high.



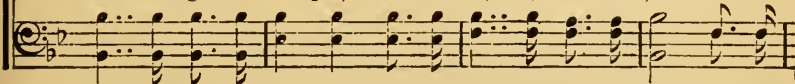
CHORUS.



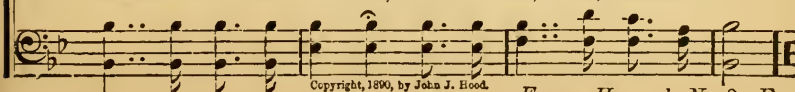
Come, to me; Come, to me, come, to me; come, to me; Sweetly



breathes that gentle whisper, "Come to me, oh, come to me," Breathes the



Saviour's in - vi - ta - tion, Come to me, oh, come to me.



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Emory Hymnal, No. 2 - F

82 Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing.

W. H. BENADE

ALTO SOLO.

1. Sav-iour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re - pose our spirits seal;
2. Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness can - not hide from thee;

TENOR.

Sin and want we come confess - ing: Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Thou art one who, nev - er wea - ry, Watchest where thy peo - ple be:

CHORUS.

Though destruction walk around us, Though the ar - rows near us fly,
Should swift death this night o'er - take us, Bear - ing us beyond the tomb,

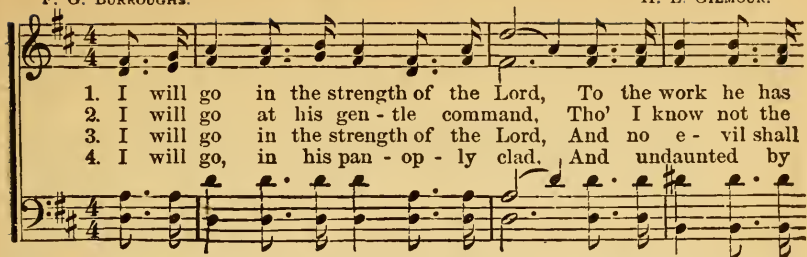
An - gel guards from thee surround us; We are safe if thou art nigh.
Let the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in an e - ter - nal bloom.

I Will Go.

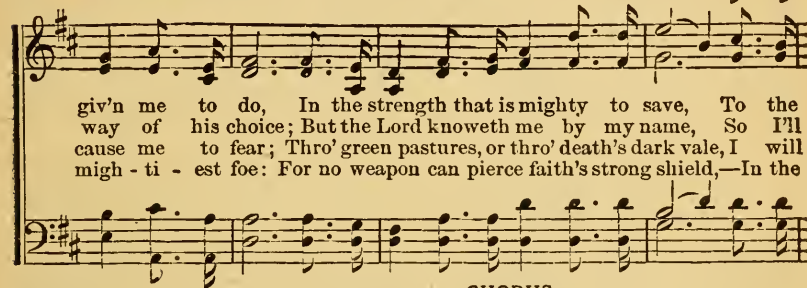
83

F. G. BURROUGHS.

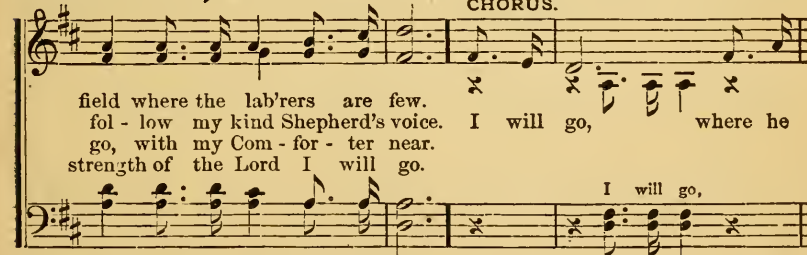
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. I will go in the strength of the Lord, To the work he has
2. I will go at his gen - tle command, Tho' I know not the
3. I will go in the strength of the Lord, And no e - vil shall
4. I will go, in his pan - op - ly clad, And undaunted by

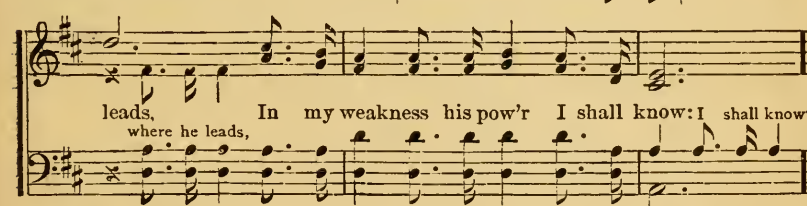


giv'n me to do, In the strength that is mighty to save, To the
way of his choice; But the Lord knoweth me by my name, So I'll
cause me to fear; Thro' green pastures, or thro' death's dark vale, I will
migh - ti - est foe: For no weapon can pierce faith's strong shield,—In the

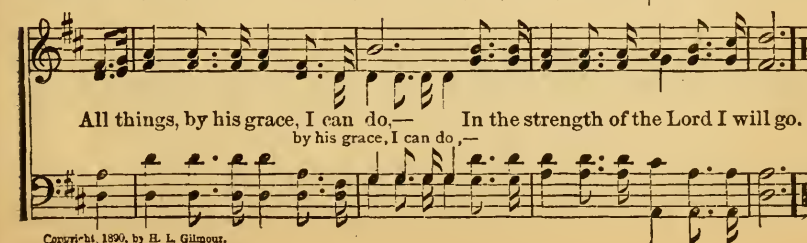


CHORUS.

field where the lab'ers are few.
fol - low my kind Shepherd's voice. I will go, where he
go, with my Com - for - ter near.
strength of the Lord I will go. I will go,



leads, In my weakness his pow'r I shall know: I shall know:
where he leads,



All things, by his grace, I can do,— In the strength of the Lord I will go.
by his grace, I can do,—

At the Threshold Standing.

"By me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."—John x: 9.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Jesus calls, your heart would win, Brother at the threshold standing;
 2. Waiting there you long have stood, Brother at the threshold standing;
 3. Souls will perish just outside, Brother at the threshold standing;
 4. En - ter now, why lon - ger wait? Brother at the threshold standing;

Heed his voice, come in, come in, Brother at the threshold standing.
 Waiting ne'er can make you good, Brother at the threshold standing.
 Haste! the door stands open wide, Brother at the threshold standing.
 Soon, ah, soon, 'twill be too late! Brother at the threshold standing.

CHORUS.

En - ter - quick - ly,
 En - ter now, his voice o - bey, Quick - ly en - ter while you may,

Brother at the threshold stand - ing; Je - sus calls, as

oft be - fore, Oh, en - ter at the o - pen door.

Lord Jesus, & Come.

85

IDA L. REED.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lord Je - sus, I come In my darkness to thee, Through life's weary
 2. I long for thy love, Thy compassion most sweet, To shine from a -
 3. Lord Je - sus, my God, Let me travel with thee, The ways thou hast

way Wilt thou ev - er - more be A Comfort - er true; Whatso -
 bove, Mak - ing clear for my feet A pathway of light, Leading
 trod Are the pathways for me; O take thou my hand, In thy

ev - er be - tide, The long journey through Be my Refuge and Guide.
 on to that shore Thy presence makes bright Through the glad evermore.
 love lead me on, Up to that blessed land, By thy fair golden throne.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, I come to thee, Light - in my darkness be;
 Je - sus, I come Light in my dark - ness ev - er be;

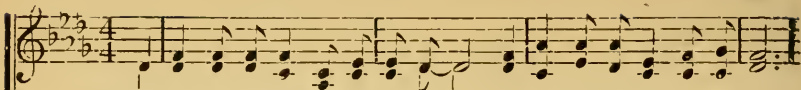
Guide and protect thou me, Jesus, I come to thee,
 Guide and protect, I come to thee.

Fair Portals.

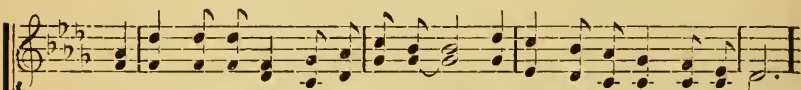
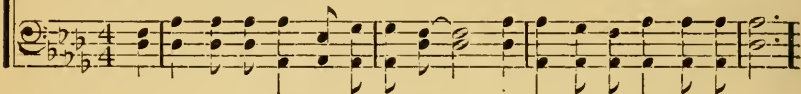
F. A. B.

"He hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. xi. 16.

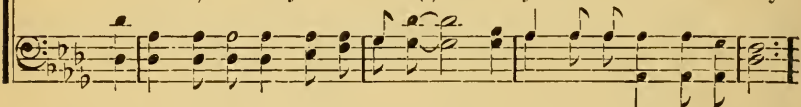
F. A. BLACKMER.



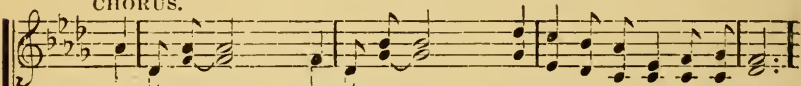
1. Swing back for one moment, fair portals Of that wondrous city, we pray ;
2. One glimpse shall our courage embolden, And brighten the whole of our way ;
3. We've read of that city's bright glory, That knows not the darkness of night ;
4. We've read of the Tree and the Riv-er, Life's water and fruit ev-er fair ;
5. Those gates we're approaching, how cheering! Oh, let us prove faithful always ;



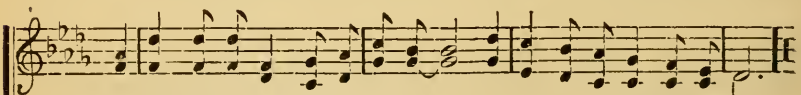
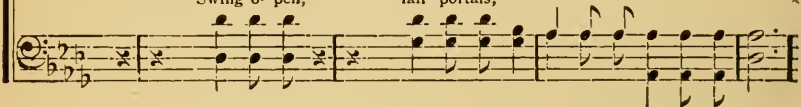
One glimpse, and the fears of these mortals Shall vanish fore - er away.
 Oh, why should the sight be withholden? By faith we would view it to-day.
 And reading that wonderful sto - ry Has ravished our souls with delight.
 We've looked up in faith to the Giver, And prayed that we might enter there.
 And know, as the city we're nearing, That they shall to us some sweet day



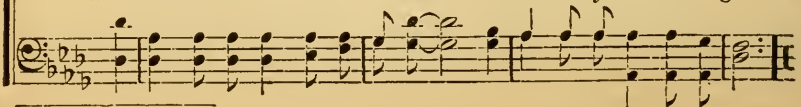
CHORUS.



Swing o - pen, fair por - tals, A moment, and let us look thro' ;
Last v. Swing o - pen. those por - tals, And we shall in triumph go in,
 Swing o - pen, fair portals,



One glimpse, and we faltering mor - tals To enter shall press on anew.
 Where we shall as ransom'd immortals E - ter - ni - ty blessed begin.



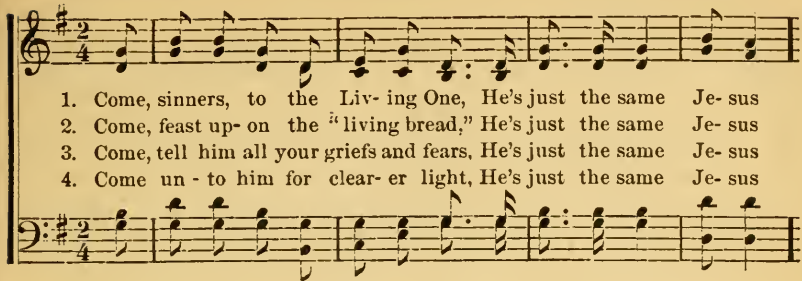
The Very Same Jesus.

87

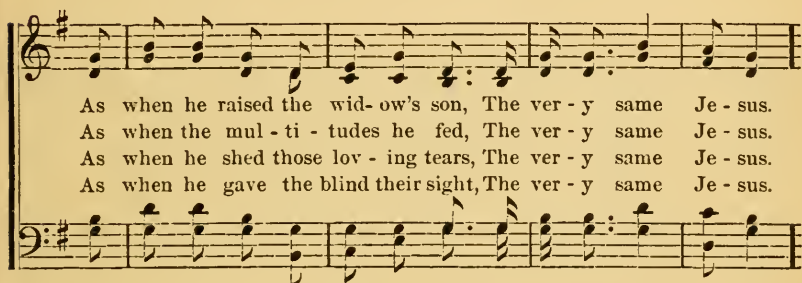
L. H. EDMUNDS.

"This same Jesus."—Acts i: 11.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

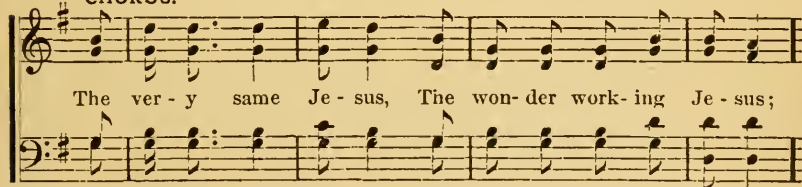


1. Come, sinners, to the Liv - ing One, He's just the same Je - sus
2. Come, feast up - on the "living bread," He's just the same Je - sus
3. Come, tell him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je - sus
4. Come un - to him for clear - er light, He's just the same Je - sus

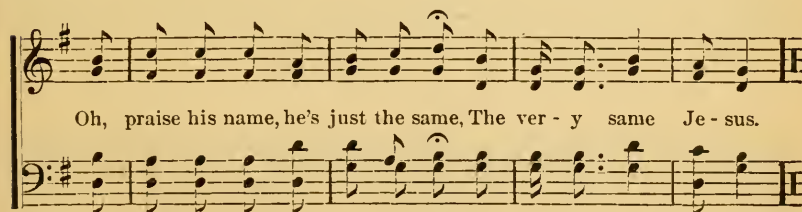


As when he raised the wid - ow's son, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when the mul - ti - tudes he fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when he shed those lov - ing tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when he gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.

CHORUS.



The ver - y same Je - sus, The won - der work - ing Je - sus;



Oh, praise his name, he's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.

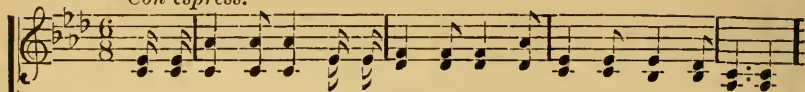
- 5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,
He's just the same Jesus
As when he hushed the raging sea,
The very same Jesus.
- 6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see
He's just the same Jesus;
Oh, blessed day for you and me!
The very same Jesus.

Is it Well with Thee?

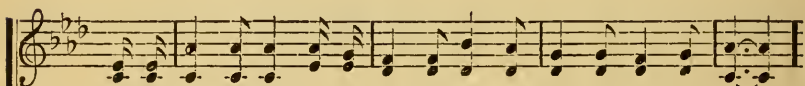
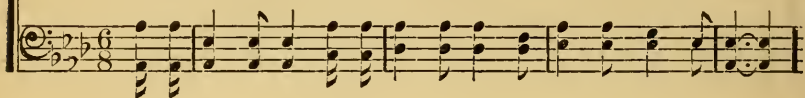
E. E. HEWITT.

2 Kings, iv. 26.

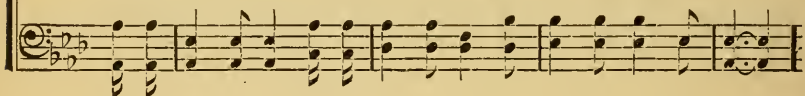
JNO. R. SWENEY.

Con espress.

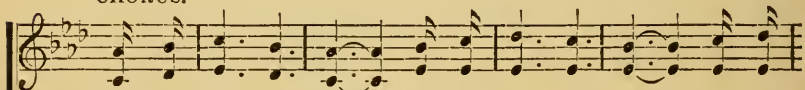
1. Is it well with thee? Is the buried past Beneath the crimson flow?
2. Is it well with thee? Is thy life to-day, Surrendered all to him?
3. Is it well with thee? Is thy heart at peace, Because the days to come,



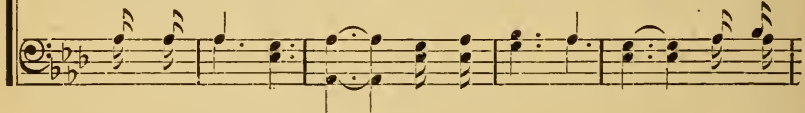
Has the wounded hand swept your sins away, And made thee white as snow?
 Have you learned the power of his gracious smile To chase the shadows dim?
 Are ordered all by the mighty Friend, Whose love will lead thee home?



CHORUS.



For these fleeting hours, for e - ter - ni - ty, Is it



well . . . with thee? . . . Is it well with thee?
 with thee? with thee?



A Song of Joy.

89

"And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God."

H. L. G.

Psalms, xl: 3.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. The sweetest song my heart e'er sung Was one about my Lord, Of
 2. The hal - le - lu - jahs of that hour Have never passed a - way, For
 3. No harps on willow branches hang, But all in tune for God, My
 4. No Bab - y - lo - nian rivers now, Flow by me when I weep; For
 5. Tho' trials come, and troubles too, Temptations press se - vere; My
 6. And still the car - ol of my soul, From early morn till night, Is,

par - don free he gave to me, When I believed his word.
 Christ abides, whate'er betides; My soul's a - glow to - day.
 bounding soul, while a - ges roll, Will shout his praise a - broad.
 tears of joy, without al - loy, Are mine while Christ doth keep.
 Je - sus is a conquer - or, And tells me not to fear.
 "who - so - ev - er will may come," "And walk with me in white."

Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves, His blood a - vails for me;

Oh, hal - le - lujah! praise the Lord, He sets his peo - ple free.

At the Breaking of the Day.

FANNY J. CROSLY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, how oft amid our labor Do we think of what will be When our
2. Oh, how oft amid the conflict And the battle raging high, With a
3. Endless praise to our Redeemer For his all a-toning love, That pre-

boat shall drop its anchor In the haven o'er the sea! And our hearts, with joy ex-
faith as clear as noon-day We behold the vict'ry nigh, And we know that with the
pares for us a mansion And a crown of life above, Where our eyes shall see the

panding, From our trials look away, Where we all shall meet together,
righteous We shall stand in bright array, When we all shall meet together,
beauty Of the flow'rs that ne'er decay, When we all shall meet together,

D S.—And we all shall meet together,*Fine.* CHORUS.

At the breaking of the day! At the breaking of the day, when we
At the breaking of the day.

anchor on the shore, At the breaking of the day, when the storms of life are

At the Breaking of the Day.—CONCLUDED. 91

D.S.

o'er, When our sorrow and our sighing, like a dream will pass a - way,

Heart Bells.

JOSEPH YOUNG.

MOTION SONG.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Heart bells, joy - ful - ly, Ring a merry chime; Clap our hands joyfully,
2. Bright eyes trustful - ly Meet our teachers dear, Parted lips give to them,
3. Rise now thoughtfully, While again we sing; Mer - ri - ly, cheeri - ly,

While we beat the time; Keep step care - ful - ly, Lit - tle feet of ours,
Smiles of hap - py cheer; Hark! hark! silence now; Let us all o - bey;
Hail the children's King; O'er us ten - der - ly, From their home above,

Never mind, though we find
Thorns among the flowers.
Fold our hands, close our eyes,
While we kneel to pray.
Angels now, bending low,
Hear our song of love.

FIRST VERSE, 1st line.—Hand on the heart; 3d line.—Clap the hands; 4th line.—Beat time with right hand; 5th line.—Mark time with their feet; 6th line.—Point to their feet; 7th line.—Left hand on their breast. SECOND VERSE, 1st line.—Point to eyes; 2d line.—Forward motion of the hand; 4th line.—Smiling; 5th line.—Holding up hand, all the fingers closed except index finger; 6th line.—One turn to the other; 7th line.—Fold hands and close eyes; 8th line.—All kneeling. THIRD VERSE, 1st line.—Rising all together; 4th line.—Point upwards; 6th line.—Pointing upwards; 7th line.—Incline their bodies.

When the Hosts Redeemed.

F. A. B.

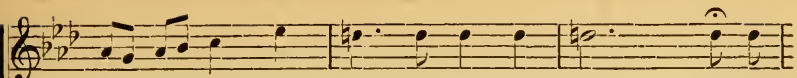
F. A. BLACKMER.

SOLO.

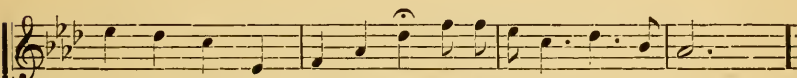
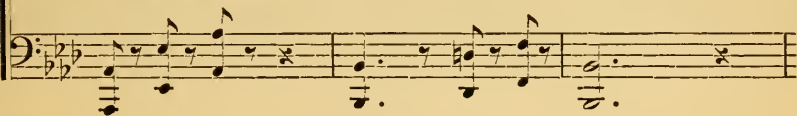
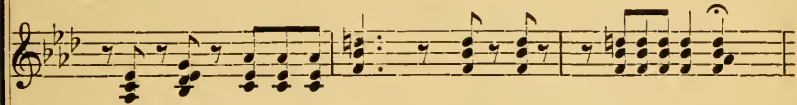
1. When the hosts redeemed to Zi - on come, With gladness and with
 2. When the pa- triarchs and prophets who So ful - ly God be -
 3. When the Bride made glori - ous shall stand Be - fore the great I

song, And up - on the fields of glo - ry stand, A
 lieved, Who "in faith all died, not hav - ing then The
 Am, With her garments washed and robes made white, In

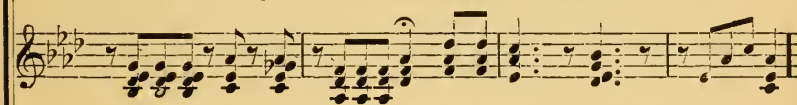
might - y, count - less throng; And the ransomed ones of
 prom - i - ses re - ceived," Shall behold each prom - ise
 blood of Cal - vary's Lamb; When the saved their Sa - viour



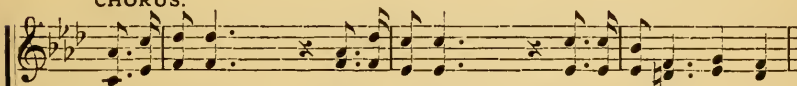
ev - 'ry age Shall all the ransomed see, Oh! what
 there fulfilled, And faith's glad end - ing see, Oh! what
 there shall meet, Up - on the crys - tal sea, Oh! what



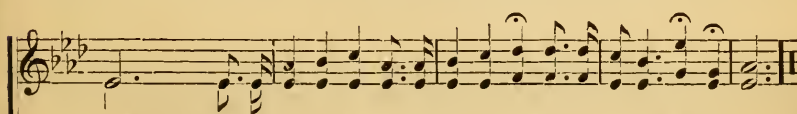
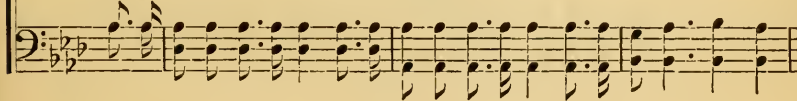
words of greeting shall be said, What a meeting that will be!



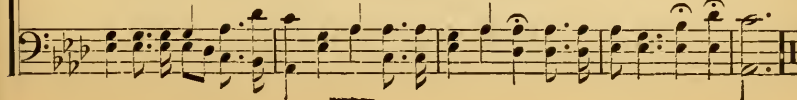
CHORUS.



What a meeting, what a meeting, What a meeting that will
 What a meeting that will be, What a meeting that will be,



be! When the saints all meet, and in glory greet, What a meeting that will be!
 that will be!



F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. When the Saviour in his glo - ry Comes to sit on the judgment throne,
 2. I shall have no cause to fear him, Though I know I must stand alone,
 3. And I know that joys e - ternal Shall be mine when the Lord shall come,
 4. I am pin - ing for his presence, As a - part from my Lord I roam,

When I pass that day be - fore him, I shall on - ly be go - ing home.
 If to him I have been faithful, I shall on - ly be go - ing home.
 And that when I rise to meet him I shall on - ly be go - ing home.
 I am wea - ry here of stay - ing, And I long to be go - ing home.

CHORUS.

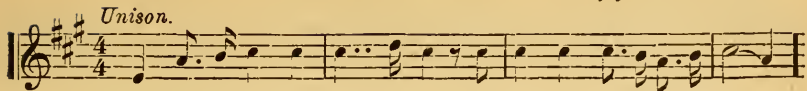
I shall on - ly be go - ing home, I shall on - ly be go - ing home;
 going home, going home;

When I pass to my Saviour's presence, I shall on - ly be go - ing home.

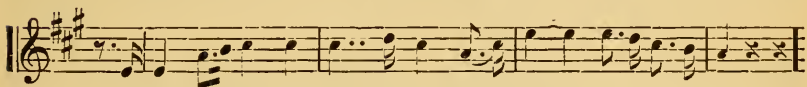
Welcome to the King of Glory.

95

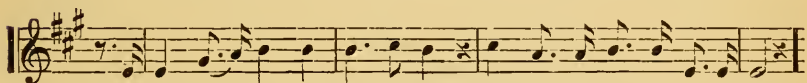
Arr. by J. FRANK SUPPLEE.

Unison.

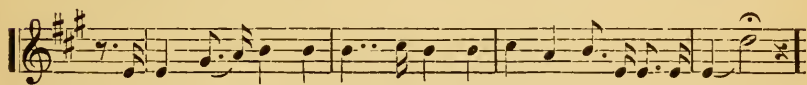
1. Lift up your heads, ye might-y gates! Behold, the King of glory waits,
2. O blest the land, the cit - y blest! Where Christ the ruler is confessed!
3. Redeem-er, come! I o - pen wide My heart to thee: here, Lord, abide!



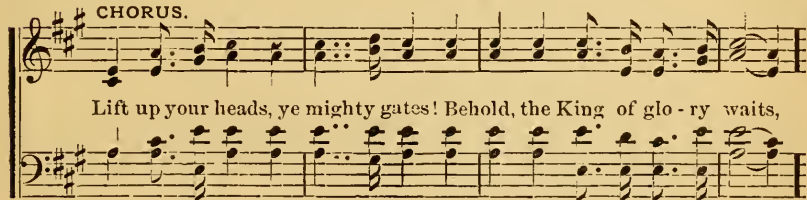
The King of kings is drawing near, The Saviour of the world is here.
O, happy hearts and happy homes To whom this King of triumph comes!
Let me thy in - ner presence feel, Thy grace and love in me reveal!



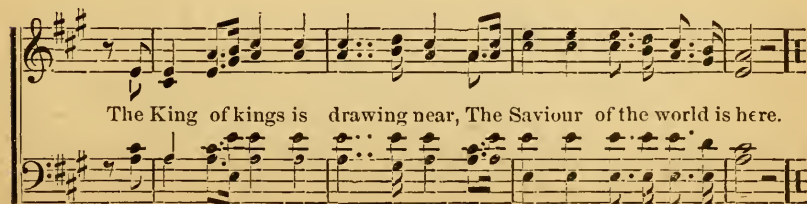
The Lord is just, a help-er tried; Mer-cy is ev-er at his side;
Fling wide the por-tals of your heart, Make it a tem-ple set a-part
So come, my Sovereign! en-ter in, Let new and no-bler life be-gin;



His king - ly crown is ho - liness, His sceptre, pit - y in dis - tress.
From earthly use for heaven's employ, Adorned with prayer, and love and joy.
Thy Ho - ly Spir - it guide us on, Un - til the glorious crown be won!

CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates! Behold, the King of glo - ry waits,



The King of kings is drawing near, The Saviour of the world is here.

Sweeter and Sweeter.

WM. H. GARDNER.

CHAS. J. TAYLOR.

1. Precious to me is the gos - pel, Sweet are the promis - es there,
 2. Wondrous indeed is the sto - ry, Never was such heard before;
 3. We shall all meet him in glo - ry, If to the cross we will cling,

Soothing me when I am wea - ry, Light'ning my burden of care.
 And since the day of his com - ing, Peace now doth reign ever - more.
 For through our Lord's resurrec - tion Death los - es all of its sting.

Oft - en I read of my Sav - iour, Dying to save you and me,
 Nation is bound un - to na - tion, By the blest cords of his love,
 Let me a - gain hear the sto - ry, So all its beauties I'll know,

And till life's journey is o - ver Ev - er my comfort 'twill be.
 All the whole world now are brethren Born of one Father a - bove.
 And when the Saviour doth call me, I shall be ready to go.

CHORUS.

Sweet - er and sweet - er The sto - ry grows,
 Sweeter and sweeter the best sto - ry grows, Sweeter and sweeter the best sto - ry grows,

Sweet - er and sweet - er As life onward flows.
Sweeter and sweeter the blest sto - ry grows, onward flows.

Whiter than Snow.

WILLIAM HENRY GARDNER.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. Is the way all dark before you, Are you wea - ry with life's woe?
2. If you are in truth re - pentant, And the heart-felt teardrops flow,
3. On the rich and poor, the Saviour; E - qual doth his gifts bestow;
4. As the snow comes down from heaven, Making fields and hillsides white,

Fine.

On - ly give your heart to Je - sus, He will make you "white as snow."
Sure I am, my lov - ing Saviour, Soon will make you white as snow.
And by him, the vil - est sin - ner, May be made as white as snow.
So each heart doth lose its blackness, Through the Saviour's wondrous might.

D. S.—If your bur - den weighs upon you, Come and give it up to him.

CHORUS.

D. S.

White as snow sent down from heaven, Pure and spotless, free from sin;

God is in Heaven.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

First Voice.

1. God is in heaven, and can he hear A fee - ble prayer like
 2. God is in heaven, and can he see When I am do - ing
 3. God is in heaven, and would he know If I should tell a
 4. God is in heaven, and can I go To thank him for his

Second Voice.

mine? Yes, lit - tle child, thou need'st not fear, He
 wrong? Yes, lit - tle child, he looks at thee All
 lie? Yes, if thou said'st it e'er so low, He'd
 care? Not yet; but love him here be - low, And

CHORUS.

list'n - eth now to thine. Come, come, ye children,
 day and all night long.
 hear it in the sky.
 thou shalt praise him there. Come, oh, come,

hearken un - to me, And I will teach you the
 And I will teach, will

fear of the Lord: || you the fear of the Lord.
 the fear of the Lord: the fear of the Lord.

Light is Spreading.

99

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Light is spreading, sing the ju-bi-lee, Shout the word from nation to
2. Light is spreading! weary one, beheld! See the fruits of earnest en-
3. Light is spreading! now and evermore Trust the Lord, and herald the

na - tion! Loud the song comes ringing o'er the sea, Answering back the
deav - or, — Thir - ty, six - ty, and a hundred fold! Glory to Je - sus,
sto - ry; O - pen stands the ev - erlast - ing door, Beckoning millions

CHORUS.

joys of sal - va - tion. Light, . . . O beautiful light . . . of
now and for - ev - er!
in - to his glo - ry. Light, beautiful light, of Christ and his sal - va - tion,

Christ . . . to ev - 'ry na - - - tion, Loud the song comes
Light, beautiful light of Christ to ev - 'ry na - tion,

ring - ing o'er the sea, Answering back the joys of sal - va - tion.

Only for Jesus.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. On - ly for Je - sus, the lives he has giv - en, Bought with a
 2. On - ly for Je - sus, the "tal - ents" entrust - ed, Sent to be
 3. On - ly for Je - sus the days that are passing, Hal - low the

price, e'en his own precious blood; Sealed by his Spirit, and claimed for his
 used for his hon - or a - lone, O, in our stewardship let us be
 hours "in his name," as they fly, Find - ing sweet pleasure in serv - ing our

glo - ry, Heirs of sal - va - tion, and chil - dren of God.
 faith - ful, Bring each "endeav - or" in prayer to the throne.
 Mas - ter, Do - ing his bid - ding with an - gels on high.

CHORUS.

On - - ly and ev - er for Je - - sus our Sa - viour.
 On - ly and ev - er, yes, on - ly and ev - er for Jesus our Saviour, for Jesus our Saviour,

Hope - ful - ly, trust - ful - ly look - ing a - bove,
 Hopefully, hopeful - ly, trustful - ly, trustful - ly looking, yes, looking a - bove, a - bove,

On - ly and ev - er for Je - sus our Sav - iour,
On-ly and ev-er, yes, on-ly and ev - er for Jesus our Saviour, for Jesus our Saviour,

ritard.
Life's no - blest serv - ice, the heart's warm - est love.

Little Learners.

J. G. R.

JNO. G. ROBINSON.

1. Happy little children in the Sunday school, Learning from their teachers
2. Here we learn to love him as the children's Friend, And for all things needed

Christ's sweet golden rule; Singing songs of glad - ness, on God's ho - ly day,
trust him to the end; While we love each oth - er, as he bids us do,

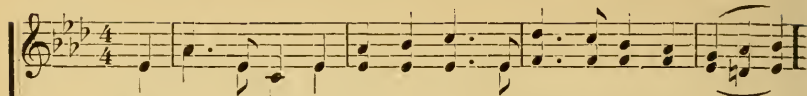
For his word, that teaches
how to watch and pray.
And in daily duties
always proving true.

- 3 Thus in sweet communion we his fa-
vor share, [care!
And in loving kindness for each other
Scatt'ring o'er life's pathway virtue's frag-
rant flowers, [hood's powers,
And enriching daily all our child-
- 4 Building on foundations which the
Saviour laid, [fade;
Characters eternal, which shall never
Clothed with his own beauteous robes
of righteousness, [bless.
We, by truly living, all mankind shall

Our Glorious Starry Flag.

H. S.

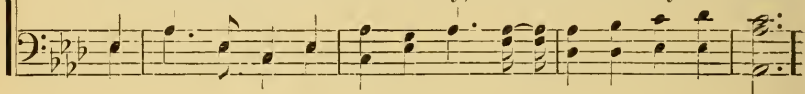
H. SANDERS.



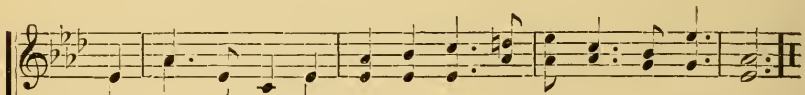
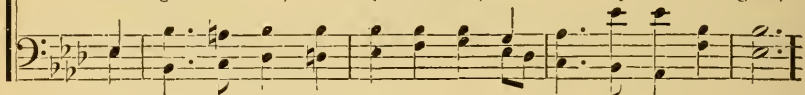
1. We love our glorious star-ry flag, It makes our hearts re-joice,
2. We love our glorious star-ry flag, For at the Nation's birth,
3. We love our glorious star-ry flag, For this, to us, it means;
3. We love our glorious star-ry flag, We love our Country Grand!



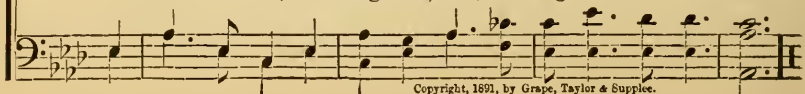
To see it waving in the air, A happy Nation's choice.
 'Twas cho-sen as the emblem fair, Of the Grandest Land on earth!
 No freeman's knee shall ev-er bend, To em-perors, kings or queens,
 Our no-bie land of lib-er-ty, For-ev-er may she stand.



It makes our souls with rapture thrill, The pulse beat quick with joy,
 Our patri-ot sires with val-or true, First gave it to the skies,
 For here our sons, and daughters too, Of freedom sweet may sing,
 We'll fight for her, if foes mo-lest, And vic-t'ry we will gain,



When we behold that dear old flag, In beauty, waving high,
 And now on ev-'ry sea it floats, In ev-'ry land it flies.
 And ev-'ry lass shall be a queen, And ev-'ry lad a king.
 O land of all, the brightest, best, O flag without a stain!



Jesus Blesses Children Still.

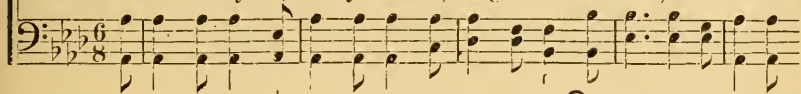
103

P. J. OWENS.

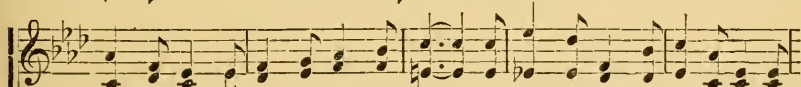
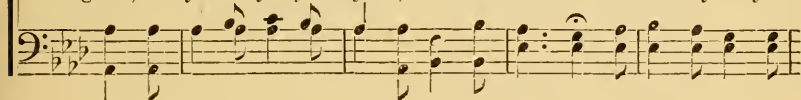
J. R. SWENEY. By per.



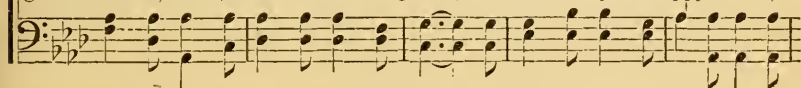
1. Does Jesus bless the children now, As when they gather'd round him? The victor's
2. Yes, Jesus blesses children still, A faithful friend abiding; The young may
3. Will Jesus bless the young to-day? O come, and gather round him; Come seek his



wreath is on his brow, Long since the angels crown'd him; And does he keep that
learn his ho - ly will, And feel his Spirit guiding; He lifts them to his
grace, and you may say, "Rejoice, for we have found him." To-day obey his



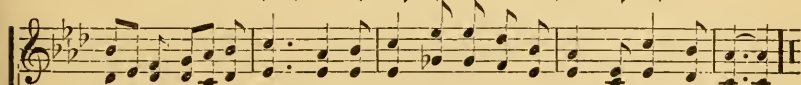
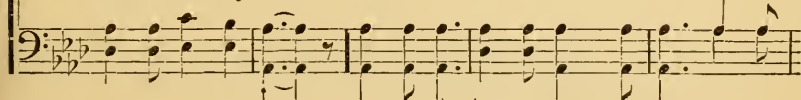
loving voice, Upon his throne of power, Which made each mother's heart rejoice To
home above, Each bright immortal flower; Around them wraps his arms of love, To
gracious voice; Come, trust his love and pow'r; His service be your happy choice, To



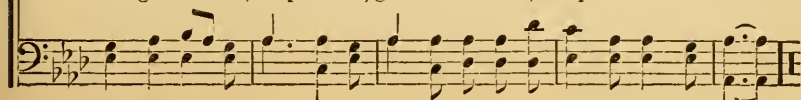
CHORUS.



come in that blest hour? Je- sus loves children ev - er, his goodness
shield till life's last hour.
bless in ev - ery hour.



changes nev - er; O pre - cious, glorious Saviour, We praise thee evermore.



EDGAR PAGE. Cho. by H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. 'Mid the toil and the bat - tle I think of my home, Where the
 2. By the bank of life's riv - er our loved we shall greet, With
 3. There cher - ubs ef - ful - gent and ser - aphs that blaze May
 4. As year af - ter year shall fly swift - ly a - way, And
 5. Pre - pare, then, ye faith - ful, to en - ter your land, The

sound of life's conflict can nevermore come, Where the angel of peace spreads his
 them shall rejoice in a rapture complete, Shall join in the song that the
 join in our anthem of rapturous praise; And the Son that was given the
 yet but begun is e - ter - nity's day, While springs of new pleasure de -
 mansion prepared by the Saviour's own hand, 'Tis read - y, now waiting, so

wings o'er the scene, And e - ter - ni - ty's sea is all calm and se - rene.
 glo - ri - fied sing, While the arches of heav - en shall tremble and ring.
 world to redeem, Shall be of our joy - ing and praising the theme.
 light - eth the soul, While on - ward, yet on - ward, the ag - es shall roll.
 beautiful and fair! Then bind on your san - dals, we soon shall be there.

CHORUS.

Just a - head, just a - head a - head, I see the pearl - y

gates unfold, And hear the harps of shining gold, Where blood - bought saints the

new song sing To him who redeemed us, our bless - ed King.

God Bless our Sabbath-School.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

RUSSIAN HYMN.

1. God bless our Sabbath-school! Firm-ly u - nit - ed, Un - der thy
 2. God bless our Sabbath-school! Al - migh - ty Fath - er, Shel - ter thy
 3. God bless our Sabbath-school! Glorious De - fend - er. Un - der thy

ban - ner thy glo - ry we sing; Strength of each youth - ful heart,
 chil - dren in peace 'neath thy wing; Guide in the nar - row way,
 ban - ner we march as we sing; Lead us to vic - to - ry;

Hope nev - er blight - ed, Be thou our por - tion, Je - sus, our King.
 Heav'nward us gath - er, Be thou our ref - uge, Je - sus, our King.
 Nev - er sur - ren - der, Thy name must con - quer, Je - sus, our King.

1. What will you do with the King called Jesus? Many are waiting to
 2. What will you do for the King called Jesus, He who for you left his
 3. What will you do with the King called Jesus,—Who will submit to his

hear you say,—Some have despised him, rejecting his mercy, What will you
 throne above, Here 'mid the low-ly and sin-ful to la-bor, Dail-y un-
 gentle sway? Where are the hearts ready now to enthrone him? Who will his

do with your King to-day? What can you witness concerning his goodness,
 folding his Father's love. Look on the fields white already to harvest,
 kind commands obey? Come with your ointments most costly and precious,

Who died to save you from sin's bitter thrall? Who will declare him the
 Who now is willing to toil with the few? What will you do for the
 Pour out your gifts at the dear Saviour's feet; Render to him all your

fair-est of thousands? Who now will crown him the Lord of all?
 dear Saviour, Je-sus? Lo, he is waiting, he calls for you!
 loy-al de-vo-tion; Seek to ex-alt him by prais-es meet.

What will You do?—CONCLUDED.

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CHORUS. *Voices in unison.* ^A*Voices in parts.*

At this Welcome Hour.

KATE S. BURR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

L. F. LINDSAY.
Moderato.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. A Christian band from far and near, We meet to
 2. A Christian band where all may sing, Glad songs of
 3. Each willing hand and thankful heart Is bound a-
 4. The Master's work we'll still pursue, And once a-

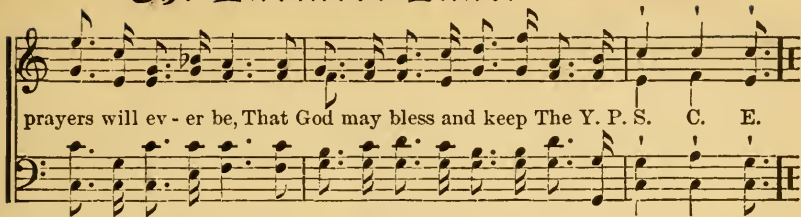
learn of Jesus here, To read his word, whose every
 praise to God our King, And youthful hearts may find the
 gain before we part, As Sheaves on earth are bound with
 our pledge renew, To him who saves us by his

line Is full of hope and joy di - vine.
 way, To perfect peace and endless day.
 twine, His word shall bind as cords di - vine.
 love, Till gathered home with him a - bove.

CHORUS.

This blest Endeavor band, All o'er this broad bright land, Is gathered in His

Name, To grasp the friendly hand, Our thoughts are one in thee, Our



prayers will ev - er be, That God may bless and keep The Y. P. S. C. E.

Our Sunday School. *Music above.*

1 Our Sunday-school, how sweet, how dear
To meet and learn of Jesus here;
To read his word, whose ev'ry line
Is full of hope and joy divine.

CHO.—Our blessed Sunday-school,
Our bright and happy home,
Within thy peaceful dome
We love, we love to come;
Our thoughts will cling to thee,
And still our prayer will be,
That God may bless and keep our
Sunday-school.

2 Our Sunday school, where all may sing
Glad songs of praise to God our King,
And youthful hearts may find the way
To perfect peace and endless day.

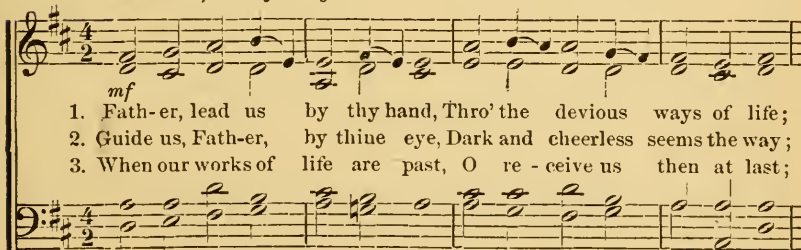
3 Our school is like a garden fair,
Where plants are trained with tender care
To bloom for him, the Lord of all,
Whose loving smiles like sunbeams fall.

4 Our Sunday-school, whose golden hours
From Eden bring refreshing showers,
In thee on earth we learn to live,
For thee our thanks to God we give.

Our Prayer.

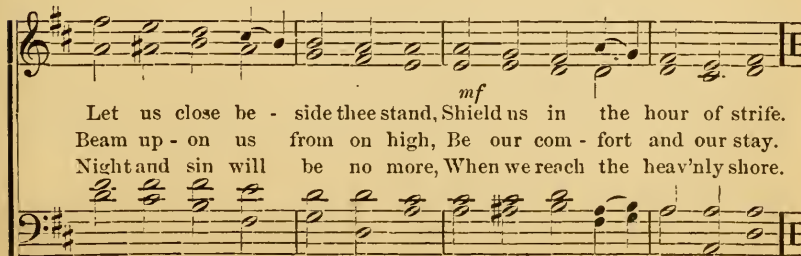
Moderato, with feeling.

Arr. by O. M. VESPER.



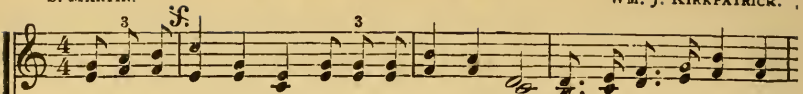
mf

1. Fath-er, lead us by thy hand, Thro' the devious ways of life;
2. Guide us, Fath-er, by thine eye, Dark and cheerless seems the way;
3. When our works of life are past, O re - ceive us then at last;

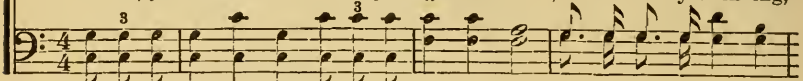


mf

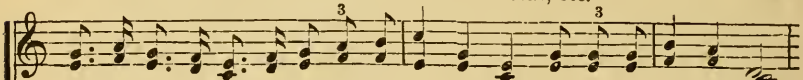
Let us close be - side thee stand, Shield us in the hour of strife.
Beam up - on us from on high, Be our com - fort and our stay.
Night and sin will be no more, When we reach the heav'nly shore.



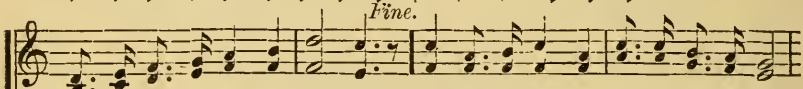
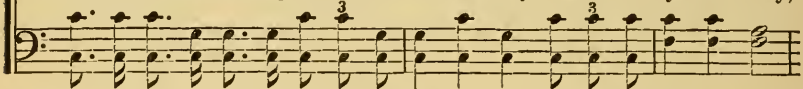
1. Ten-der-ly, soft and clear Music and Love we hear, In our Sabbath dwelling,
2. O- ver the morning land, over its golden strand, Oft they roam delighted,
3. Tell us, ye sisters fair, wearing your garlands rare, Rose and lily twin- ing,



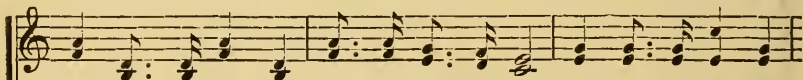
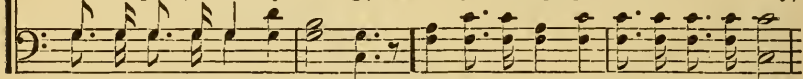
D.S.—soft and clear Music and Love we hear, etc.



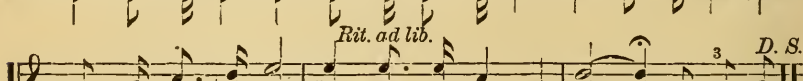
songs of rapture swelling, Gently their wings they bend, sweetly their voices blend,
hand in hand u- nit- ed, Over the land of flowers, over its vernal bow- ers,
all their charms combining, Tell us of Him whose eye watcheth beyond the sky,



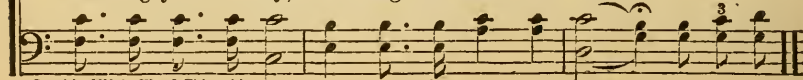
Songs of ho- ly rap- ture swelling; List to their carol, joyful now they say,
Love and Music roam u- ni- ted, Now, on their pinions, fair and snowy white,
O'er our path, in beauty shining; Still they are singing, hear their tuneful lay,



Come to the Sa- viour, glad- ly haste a- way, Come to the ban-quet
Laved in a fountain, sparkling, pure and bright, Quick as an ar- row,
Come to the Saviour, trust him while you may, Come to the ban-quet



wait- ing you to- day, Wait- ing for one and all. Ten- der-ly,
from the vales of light, Com- fort they bring to all.
wait- ing you to- day, Wait- ing for one and all.



Go to Thy Saviour.

111

SALLIE E. SMITH.

Jno. R. SWENEY.

1. Go to thy Saviour, O sad and op - prest, Pillow thy head on his
2. Hast thou temptations? he knoweth them all,— Seeth thy tears, like the
3. Art thou discouraged thy la - bor to see Yielding no fruit of re -
4. Leave to the Saviour the work thou hast wrought, Think not thy seed has been

kind, loving breast; Never a tri - al but Jesus can feel, Never a
raindrops that fall; Hast thou been watching while others have slept? Over thy
joying for thee? Weary of sowing thy seed on the plain, Waiting the
scattered for naught; Jesus has guarded each blade as it grew, He has re -

CHORUS.

sorrow his love will not heal. He was af - flict - - ed and troubled as
spir - it a watch he has kept.
harvest and reaping in vain.
freshed it with sunlight and dew.

thou, Go to thy Sav - - iour, he calleth thee now; Go with thy

burden, whatever it be, Jesus will tenderly share it with thee.

I am Weary of Sin.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am wea - ry of sin, and I long to be free, Oh,
 2. I am wea - ry of sin, for it lures to de - ceive, On
 3. I am wea - ry of sin, and I pray to be thine, To
 4. I am wea - ry of sin, of its conflicts and strife, I

say, is there hope for a sinner like me? Can I, who have stray'd o'er the
 thee, my Redeemer, I now will believe; I haste as I am to the
 lean on thy word, and its promise divine,— To feel in my heart thy pro-
 siph for a pur - er and hap - pi - er life,— A life that is filled with the

dark mountain's brow, Re - turn to the Saviour, and plead with him now?
 clear, flowing tide, Where, deep in its bos - om, the past thou wilt hide.
 tection and care, And know 'tis thy yoke and thy burden I bear.
 fulness of love, Pre - par - ing my spir - it for mansions a - bove.

CHORUS.

I long to be free, I long to be free; O blessed Re -
 Till whiter than snow, Till whiter than snow, I'll bathe in its

deemer, have pit - y on me; The fountain lies o - pen, and
 waters till whiter than snow; The fountain lies o - pen, and

there will I go, And bathe in its waters till whiter than snow.

Hold On, My Soul.

WM. H. JONES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hold on, my soul, to the end hold out, With a faith no storm can shock;
2. Hold on, my soul, tho' the lightnings flash, And thy sails all torn may be,
3. Hold on, my soul, tho' the waves run high, For the night and storm shall cease,
4. Hold on, my soul, for the end draws near, And thy voyage is well nigh o'er,

Fine.

Stand firm, stand fast, for the Lord has said He will hide thee in the rifted rock.
 For thy hope still points to the polar star, Brightly shining thro' the clouds for thee.
 There is light beyond, 'tis the morning breaks, Thou art coming to the port of peace.
 And the welcome-home thou hast longed to hear Soon will greet thee on the golden shore.

D.S.—on, my soul, for the Lord has said He will hide thee in the rifted rock.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Hold on, (hold on,) hold on, (hold on,) With a faith no storm can shock, Hold

1. Onward still, and upward, Follow ev - ermore Where our mighty
 2. Onward, ev - er onward, Thro' the pastures green, Where the streams flow
 3. Upward, ev - er upward, T'ward the radiant glow, Far a - bove the

Leader Goes in love before; " Looking unto Je - sus," Reach a helping hand
 softly, Under skies serene; Or, if need be, upward, O'er the rocky steep,
 valley, Where the mist hangs low; On, with songs of gladness, Till the march shall
 end,

CHORUS.

To a struggling neighbor, Helping him to stand. Marching on -
 Trusting him who guides us, Strong to save and keep. Marching on - ward, marching
 Where ten thousand thousand Halleln- jahs blend.

ward, up - ward, Marching steady - ly,
 onward, on - ward, Up - ward march - ing, up - ward, up - ward,

onward, Je - sus leads the way, Marching on - ward,
 onward, march - ing on - ward, on - ward,

up - - ward, Onward unto glory, To the perfect day.
upward, marching upward, upward,

In the Hour of Trial.

"I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me; Lest by base de - ni - al
2. With forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sordid treasures
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sorrow, toil, and woe; Or should pain attend me
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust returneth

I depart from Thee, When Thou see'st me waver, With a look re -
Spread to work me harm; Bring to my remembrance Sad Geth-sem-a -
On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to
To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Through that mortal

call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
ne, Or, in dark - er semblance, Cross - crowned Calvary. A - men.
see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

Rejoice Evermore.

M. E. SERVOS.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Rejoice! rejoice! for Jesus reigns, the Prince of peace and love, To guide the children
 2. Rejoice! rejoice! the Christ has come, The Saviour of mankind, To seek the lost ones
 3. Rejoice! rejoice forevermore, Nor let one soul repine; Tho' friends forget, and

of his grace To heav'n, their home above. And they who seek his loving care Thro'
 of his fold, And heal the halt and blind. O err-ing and repentant soul, Look
 hearts grow cold, A Father's love is thine. And if the world seems dark with frowns, Just

Fine.
 [ways.
 dark and sunny days, Shall know how safely they may walk When God directs their
 up and thou shalt live; The friend of sinners comes to save, To ransom and forgive.
 meet them with a smile; And, with the hope of future bliss, All present ills beguile

D.S.—must rejoice who surely know That Jesus is their King.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Rejoice! rejoice for-ev-er-more! Immanuel's praises sing; They

Trust and Obey.

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Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glory he
2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
3. Not a burden we bear, Not a sorrow we share, But our toil he doth

sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a-bides with us
drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a

CHORUS.

still, And with all who will trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, For there's
tear Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey.

no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus But to trust and o-bey.

4 But we never can prove
The delights of his love
Until all on the altar we lay,
For the favor he shows,
And the joy he bestows,
Are for all who will trust and obey.

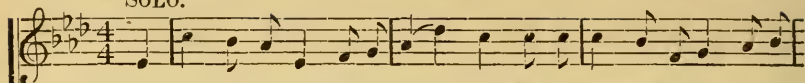
5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at his feet,
Or we'll walk by his side in the way;
What he says we will do,
Where he sends we will go,
Never fear, only trust and obey.

Some Day.

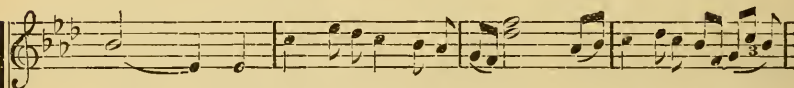
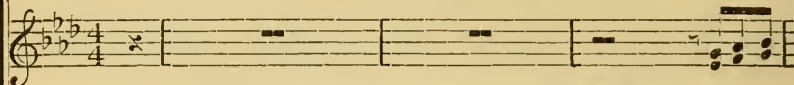
D. S. HOLLINGSHEAD.

CHAS. F. TAYLOR.

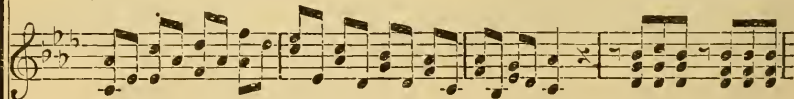
SOLO.



1. Some day I shall see in his beau - ty My Redeemer, my Saviour, my
 2. Some day in my flesh I shall see him ; I shall talk with my God face to



- King,— Shall join in the song of the ransomed. Forever his praises to
 face,— Shall study his marvellous wisdom, Shall bask in the light of his

sing.
grace.Dear Lord, thou art able and
How wondrous his purpose of

will - ing,—Thou hast promised!—Thy servants to bring To
mer - cy To a poor, helpless worm of the dust! Then

rit.
thy throne, pure as thou, and spotless, Free from blemish "or any such thing."
let me acknowledge and praise thee, As love thee, and trust thee, I must.

rit.

CHORUS.

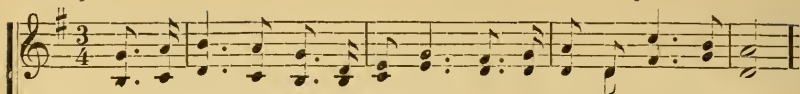
Lead on, blessed Je - sus, I'll fol - low, Thro' trouble, thro' trial, thro' pain ;
Some day, and the dark will be noonday, The e - ventide shining and bright ;

For thou wilt be with me to strengthen, And some day with thee I shall reign.
Praise God for his mercy and goodness! Praise the King for his power and might.

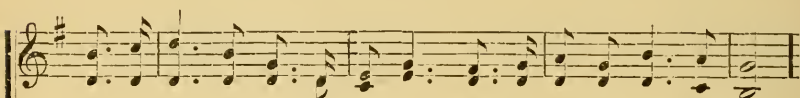
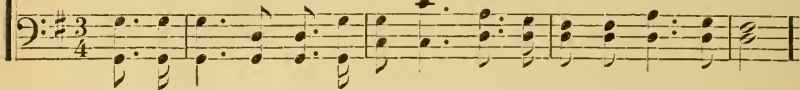
More Like Thee.

W. J. K.

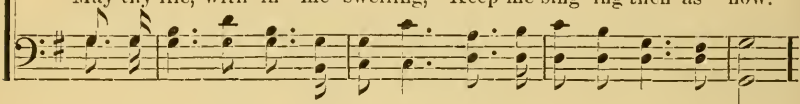
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



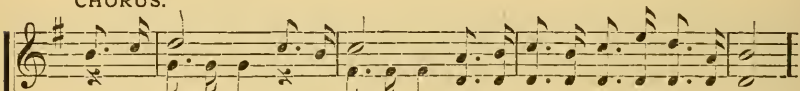
1. Je - sus, Saviour, great Ex - am - ple, Pat - tern of all pur - i - ty,
2. Lest I wan - der from thy pathway, Or my feet move wea - ri - ly,
3. When temptations fier - ce - ly low - er, And my shrinking soul would flee,
4. When around me all is darkness, And thy beauties none may see,
5. When death's cold, repulsive finger Leaves its impress on my brow,



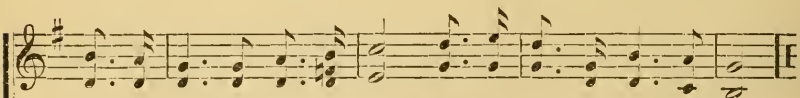
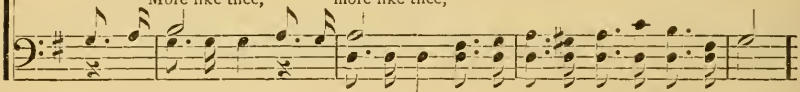
I would fol - low in thy footsteps, Dai - ly growing more like thee.
 Saviour, take my hand and lead me, Keep me steadfast : more like thee.
 Change each weakness in - to pow - er, Keep me spotless : more like thee.
 May thy beams, oh, glorious brightness! In effulgence shine through me.
 May thy life, with - in me swelling, Keep me sing - ing then as now.



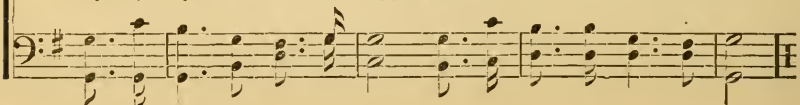
CHORUS.



More like thee, more like thee, Saviour, this my constant pray'r shall be—
 More like thee, more like thee,



Day by day, where'er I stay, Make me more and more like thee.

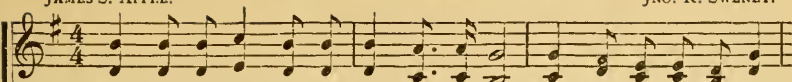


He will Hide thee.

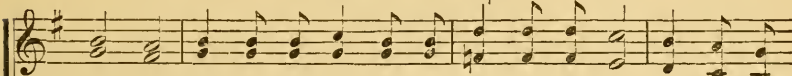
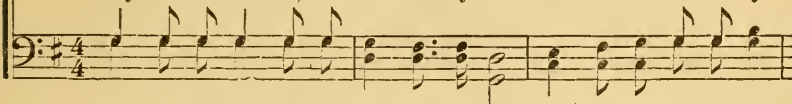
121

JAMES S. APPLÉ.

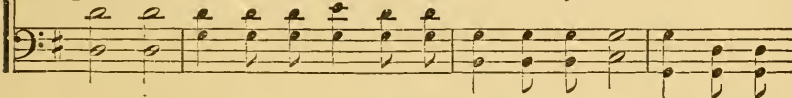
JNO. R. SWENEY.



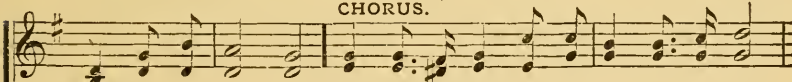
1. Why art thou fearful, beloved of the Lord? Je - sus will tender - ly
2. Why art thou fearful, when tri - als are deep? Je - sus will tender - ly
3. Why art thou fearful, and where is thy faith? Je - sus will tender - ly
4. Why art thou fearful, he holdeth thy hand? Je - sus will tender - ly



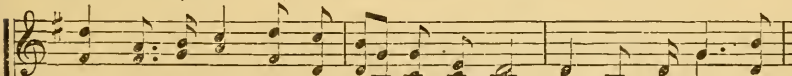
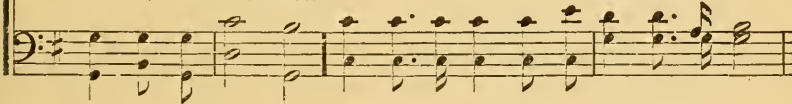
guide thee, Heir to his kingdom, re - mem - ber his word, Safe in the
 guide thee, O - ver thy footsteps a watch he will keep, Safe in the
 guide thee, Thro' the dark val - ley of shad - ow and death, Still in the
 guide thee, Safe till thou en - ter e - ter - ni - ty's land, Safe in the



CHORUS.



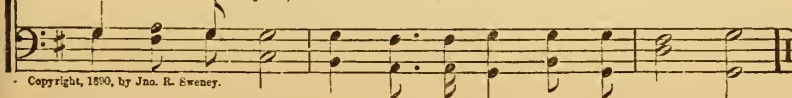
Rock he will hide thee. Safe in the Rock when the storm billows roll,
 Rock he will hide thee.
 Rock he will hide thee.
 Rock he will hide thee.



Safe in the Rock he will cov - er thy soul; Be not afraid, O



be not dismayed, Safe in the Rock he will hide thee.



That Beautiful Stream.

R. TORBEY.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. I'll sing of a stream,..... of a beau-ti-ful
 2. I'll sing of a stream,..... of a beau-ti-ful
 3. I'll sing of a stream,..... of a beau-ti-ful
 4. I'll sing of a stream,..... of a beau-ti-ful

stream,..... 'Tis flowing, to-day..... thro' the
 stream,..... Which gladdens the hearts..... in the
 stream,..... That fountain of God,..... which was
 stream,..... That fountain that now..... and for-

sweet Canaan Land..... Its wa-ters gleam
 cit-y of God..... It flows from a
 o-pened for sin,..... That stream from his
 ev-er is free;..... I'll sing of that

bright..... in their heaven-ly light.....
 bove,..... thro' God's in-fi-nite love,.....
 side..... who for sinners once died,.....
 flood..... which is crimsoned with blood,.....

That Beautiful Stream.—CONCLUDED. 123

CHORUS.

And spar - - kles o'er silver-y sand. Go wash, Go wash..... in that
 And spreads its sweet waters abroad. Go wash,
 He's healed, who but plunges within. Go wash,
 From sin..... it has cleansed even me. Go wash, Go wash, go wash in that

beautiful stream,..... Go wash.....in that beautiful
 beau- ti - ful stream, in that beau- ti - ful stream, Go wash, go wash in that beau- ti - ful

stream,..... Go wash..... in that beauti - ful
 stream, in that beau- ti - ful stream, Go wash, go wash in that beau- ti - ful

stream,..... 'Tis flowing at the cross for you.
 stream, in that beau- ti - ful stream, 'Tis flow - ing at the cross for you.

It was Spoken for the Master.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. It was spok-en for the Mas-ter, Oh, how loving-ly it fell!
 2. Oh, we know not when we scatter, Where the precious seed will fall,
 3. When our bu-sy toil is o-ver, From the vineyard when we go,

It was ut-tered in a whis-per, Who had breath-ed it none could tell.
 But we work and trust in Je-sus, For he watch-eth o-ver all.
 We shall find a store of bless-ings That on earth we could not know.

It was spok-en for the Mas-ter, On-ly just a lit-tle word,
 We may sow be-side the wa-ters Of af-lic-tion, it may be,
 We shall won-der at the bright-ness Of the crowns we then shall wear,

But the chords that long had slumbered, In a grief-worn heart were stirred.
 But the fruits of earnest la-bor At the reap-ing we shall see.
 But the Lord him-self will tell us Why he placed the jewels there.

REFRAIN.

Gentle words of pa-tient kind-ness, Tho' unheed-ed oft they seen,

ad lib.

To the fold of grace may gather Souls of which we little dream.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Psalm xxiii.

Arr. from KOSCHAT.

Note. The melody is in the tenor part.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures,
2. Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray, Since thou art my guardian,

safe fold-ed I rest; He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
no ev-il I fear; Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;

Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed, Restores me when
No harm can be-fall, with my Comfort-er near, No harm can be-

wand'ring, redeems when op-pressed.
fall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom
of love.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Once more with joy and glad-ness Our grateful songs we sing! These
 2. The lov - ing Friend a - bove us Our ways hath gently led, And
 3. Still lead us, heavenly Fa - ther, And fill us with thy love, Till

hap - py hours we wel - come, With all the joy they bring; Dear
 with his smile up - on us The gold - en year hath sped; To
 we at last shall gath - er In thy blest home a - bove; And

mem - ries sweet - ly ling - er Of oth - er times and days, And
 him who thus so kind - ly Hath helped us ev - 'ry day, We
 now, with glad re - joic - ing, The songs we love we'll sing, And

ev - 'ry word of greet - ing Some ten - der thought con - veys.
 of - fer our de - vo - tion, And grate - ful hom - age pay.
 hap - py notes of greet - ing Shall with its ech - o ring.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, Once more we glad - ly meet, We
we come, we come,

come, we come, Our joy - ful songs re - peat; We
we come, we come,

come, we come, With heart, and soul, and voice, To
we come, we come,

sing the praise of Christ our King, To wor - ship and re - joice.

My Earnest Plea.

WM. RUDOLPH.

R. L. HASLUP.

Andante con espressione.

1. Hear thou, O Lord, my humble prayer, And send a peaceful answer
 2. Oh! Ho - ly Spir - it, hear my cry, For mercy and for grace I
 3. And when with me life's cares are past, And all my earthly troubles

down; On thee I cast all care And humbly wait my crown. I
 plead; In darkness be thou nigh, Supply - ing all my need. Then
 o'er; In heav'n with thee at last, I'll praise thee ev - er - more. With

do not ask for wealth or fame, For hap - pi - ness, or slothful
 shall my life proclaim thy praise, While on this earthly sphere I
 myriads 'round the great white throne, I'll tell the triumphs of thy

ease; But that thou wouldst record my name, But that thou wouldst re -
 dwell; An hourly song to thee I'll raise, An hourly song to
 grace; To fu - ture a - ges thus make known, To fu - ture a - ges

cord my name As one who does his Mas - ter please.
 thee I'll raise And of thy great sal - va - tion tell.
 thus make known, How blest this glo - rious rest - ing place.

CHORUS.

I do not ask for wealth or fame, For hap - pi -
 Then shall my life proclaim thy praise While on this
 With myr - iads' round the great, white throne, I'll tell the

ness or slothful ease; But that thou wouldst re -
 earth - ly sphere I dwell; An hour - ly song to
 triumphs of thy grace; To fu - ture a - ges

rit......

cord my name As one who does his Mas - ter please.
 thee I'll raise, And of thy great sal - va - tion tell.
 thus make known, How blest this glo - rious rest - ing place.

Waiting for Pardon.

F. A. B.

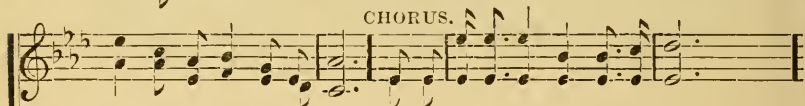
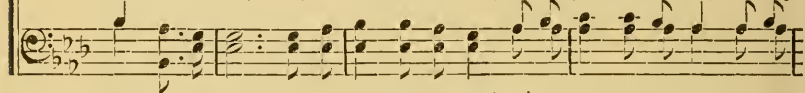
F. A. BLACKMER.



1. Saviour, dear, I have heard Of thy wonderful word, And the blessings which
2. Thou dost know I have been In the pathway of sin. And my sorrow, too,
3. There is gladness and light, There is sunshine so bright In the soul of the
4. Now I feel thou art nigh, And wilt answer my cry, And wilt take all my



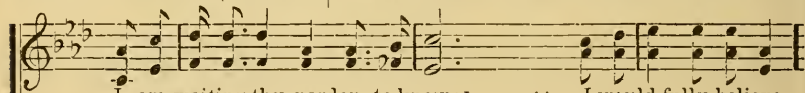
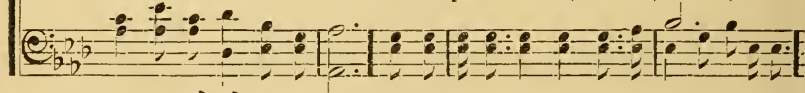
thou canst bestow ; That if I but believe, I shall pardon receive, And thy
 Lord, thou dost know ; And I pray now to thee. From my sin make me free, Let thy
 ransomed, I know ; Lord, Thou canst if thou wilt, Take this burden of guilt, Let thy
 burden of woe ; Now, dear Lord, I believe, Now I pardon receive, And thy



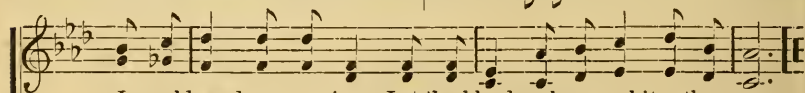
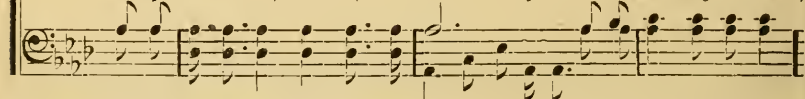
CHORUS.

blood make me whiter than snow. I am waiting thy pardon to know, I am waiting,
 blood make me whiter than snow.

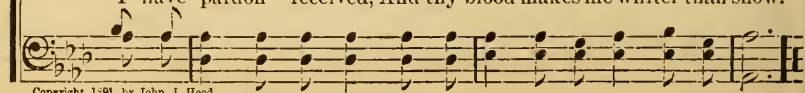
blood make me whiter than snow. [Last v. Thou hast pardoned,
 blood makes me whiter than snow. Thou hast pardoned me, Saviour, I know,



I am waiting thy pardon to know : I am waiting : I would fully believe,
 Thou hast pardoned me, Saviour, I know : Thou hast pardoned : I have fully believed,



I would pardon receive, Let thy blood make me whiter than snow.
 I have pardon received, And thy blood makes me whiter than snow.



God Calling Yet!

131

"Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man."—Prov. viii. 4.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN (tr).

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
 2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his loving voice de-spise,
 3. God call-ing yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the closer lock?
 4. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bondage live?
 5. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay, My heart I yield without de-lay;

rit.

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie.
 And base-ly his kind care re-pay? He calls me still—can I de-lay?
 He still is wait-ing to receive; And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?
 I wait—but he does not forsake; He calls me still—my heart, awake!
 Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart!

CHORUS.

Call - - - ing, call - - - ing! God is
 God is call - ing yet, God is call - ing yet!

call - ing, call - ing yet! is call - ing yet! Call - - - ing,
 God is call - ing yet, God is call - ing yet,

call - - - ing! God is calling, call-ing yet!
 God is call - ing yet! is call-ing yet!

Praise to Thee, Mighty One.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Praise to thee, Mighty One, Throned in the sky, Heav'n and earth worship thee
 2. Author of every good, Kingo - ver all, Un - to thy ho - ly name
 3. Vast as thy pow'r and strength, Thy wondrous love; Drawing each heart and voice
 4. Praise to thee, Mighty One! From earth and heaven, Praise to thee, Holy One!

Lord God on high! Holy One, great in pow'r, Strong in thy might, All the world
 Glad - ly we call! Deep to deep now replies, At thy command, All the world
 Glad - ly above! Greater than all thy work—Thy living Word! All the world
 Glad - ly be giv'n! Father, Son, Ho - ly Ghost, One God on high! Evermore

CHORUS.

made by thee, Darkness and light. Praise, . . . O praise the Migh - ty One,
 made by thee, Ocean and land.
 saved by thee, Through Christ the Lord.
 evermore, Earth sea and sky. Praise, O Praise, Praise the Mighty One,

Wor - - - - ship and a - dore, . . . and a . . .
 Worship and a - dore, Worship and a - dore,

Sing - - - - ing of his glo - - - - ry, Now and ev - ermore.
 Singing of his glo - ry, Singing of his glory,

The Lord is Risen.

133

C. S. BROOM.

E. D. BEALE.

Allegro.

1. The Lord is ris - en, the Lord is ris - en; Hal - le - lu - jah!
 2. The Lord is ris - en, the Lord is ris - en; Hal - le - lu - jah!
 3. The Lord is ris - en, the Lord is ris - en; Hal - le - lu - jah!

hal - le - lu - jah! All vain the watching, the stone, the sealing, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 hal - le - lu - jah! The great Redeemer Death's power has vanquished, Hallelujah!
 hal - le - lu - jah! O'er sin he triumphs, he triumphs ev - er, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Sostenuto.

hal - le - lu - jah! See the place where once he lay, Lo! the stone is
 hal - le - lu - jah! For us the paschal Lamb has died, Now, behold! the
 hal - le - lu - jah! He goes before us all our days, He leads thro' thorns or
 r. See the place where once he lay, Lo! the

rit.

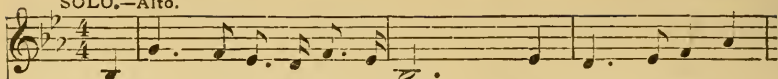
rolled away; Hear the white-robed angel say, Christ the Lord is ris - en.
 Cru - ci - fied Lays his mortal robes a - side, Christ the Lord is ris - en.
 flow - 'ry ways: Praise him, all ye children. praise, Christ our great Redeemer.
 stone is rolled a - way;

The Lamb of God.

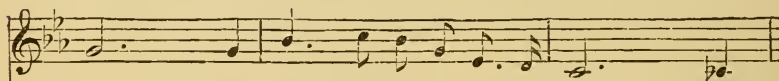
FANNY J. CROSEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

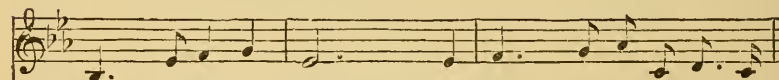
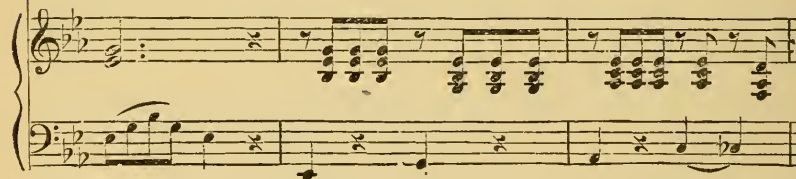
SOLO.—Alto.



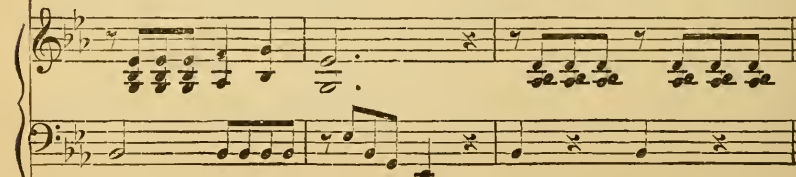
1. O Lamb of God, whose sacred brow Was pierced with thorns for
 2. I wan - der up the mountain wild, And trace thy footprints
 3. O Lamb of God, what bliss divine My grateful heart has



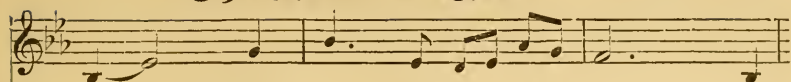
me, Be - yond the dark forbod - ing clouds My
 there, I watch thy form at midnight hour, A -
 known When, filled with love thy presence gave, I



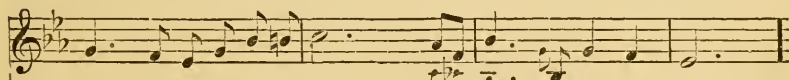
faith looks up to thee; I see the path thy wea - ry
 lone in si - lent prayer; I stand beside the tranquil
 knelt before thy throne; And though in tears I oft have



The Lamb of God.—CONCLUDED. 135



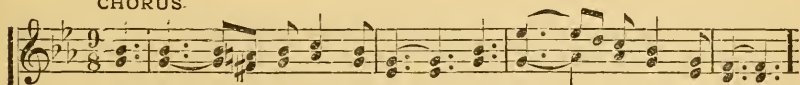
feet Through all thy life have trod, And
 deep, Whose wrath thy will has stayed, And
 past Be - neath thy chastening rod, Yet



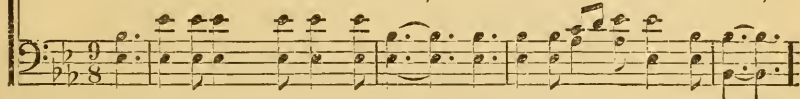
hear a voice again repeat, Behold the Lamb of God.
 hear the sweet and cheering words, 'Tis I, be not a-fraid."
 still I heard the voice that said, Behold the Lamb of God.



CHORUS.



Be - hold the Lamb of God, Be - hold the Lamb of God,

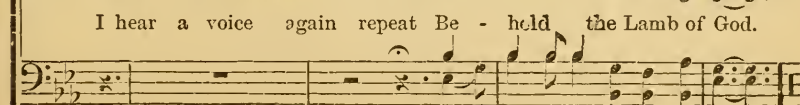


Be-hold, behold,

Behold, behold,



I hear a voice again repeat Be - hold the Lamb of God.



Be - hold, behold

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Praise him for his glo - ry, praise him for his grace, For his help a -
 2. Praise for free forgiveness, power which makes us whole, For his touch of
 3. Praise him for the tri - als sent as cords of love, Binding us more

dapted to each time and place, For his promised presence all the pilgrim way,
 healing, strengthening the soul, For his gifts of kindness and his loving care,
 closely to the things above, For the faith that conquers, hope that naught can dim,

CHORUS.

For the flaming pillar, and the cloud by day. Praise . . . him, shining
 For the blest assurance that he answers prayer.
 For the land where loved ones gather home to him. Praise him, shining angels, on your

an - gels, on . . . your harps of gold, All . . . his hosts a -
 harps of gold, Praise him, shining angels, on your harps of gold, All his hosts adore him who his

dore him who . . . his face behold, Thro' . . . his great do -
 face be-hold, All his hosts adore him who his face behold, Thro' his great dominion, while the

min - ion, while . . . the ag - es roll, All his works shall
ag - es roll, Thro' his great domin - ion, while the ag - es roll,

praise him, all his works shall praise him,
All his works shall praise him; bless the Lord, my soul.

More Like Jesus.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. "Even Christ pleased not himself."—Rom. xv. 3. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Steps are before me, dear Sav-our, Marking the path thou hast trod;
2. Dai-ly thy work was appoint-ed, Wrought by no hand but thine own;
3. Burdens were laid on thy shoulders, Meekly thou suffered the cross;
4. Not for thyself, but for oth - ers, Living and dy-ing for love;

Fine.

So would my feet be progress-ing Upward and on-ward to God.
So in my field I would la - bor, Tho' it be small and un - known.
So would I take up my tri - als, Counting them gain and not loss.
So would I dai - ly be spend-ing, Till I shall meet thee a - bove.

D.S.—Born in thine image, and growing More and more like un - to thee.

CHORUS.

D.S.

More of thy likeness, dear Saviour, Less of my-self I would see;

The Wonder of Wonders.

H. S.

H. SANDERS.

1. O wonder of wonders! the sto-ry re-peat, How Je-sus came
 2. O wonder of wonders! no tongue can e'er tell, How he suffered
 3. O wonder-ful, wonder-ful! sac-ri-fice grand! He died up-on

down from a-bove, To be for lost men a Saviour complete, O
 here among men, He made himself poor, had no place to dwell, O
 Cal-va-ry's brow, But in glory now reigus, At the Father's right hand. O

REFRAIN.

wonderful, wonderful love. Won- - - der of won- - - ders! the
 love, which no mortal can pen. Wonder of wonders, the sto-ry repeat,
 sinner, come, come to him now.

sto- - - - ry re-peat, . . . How Je- - - - sus came down from a-
 Wonder of wonders, the sto-ry repeat, Jesus came down from a-bove, down from a-

bove. . . . To be for lost men a Sav- - - iour com-
 bove, from above, To be for lost men a Saviour complete, a Saviour complete, a

The Wonder of Wonders.—CONCLUDED. 139

plete, O won - - - - derful, won - - - - derful love.
Saviour complete, O wonderful, won - der - ful, wonderful, won - der - ful love.

Saviour of the Lost.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

J. T. GRAPE.

1. I could not do without thee, O Sav - iour of the lost,
2. I could not do without thee, I can - not stand a - lone;

Whose pre - cious blood redeemed me, At such tremendous cost.
I have no strength or goodness, No wis - dom of my own.

Thy righteousness, thy par - don, Thy precious blood, must be
But thou, be - lov - ed Sav - iour, Art all in all to me;

My on - ly hope and comfort, My glo - ry and my plea.
And weakness will be pow - er, If lean - ing hard on thee.

Build Upon the Rock of Ages.

H. S.

HARRY SCHWING.

1. Build up-on the Rock of A - ges, For the dark and gloomy day ;
 2. Come in faith and deep con - tri - tion, Come in ho - ly boldness, too,
 3. Slacken not tho' days be drear - y, Great and ur - gent is thy case,
 4. When the stormy day shall meet thee, On the "Rock of A - ges" fast,

Build be - fore the tempest ra - ges, Sweeping all thy works away ;
 Build for heaven, that's thy mission, That's the work thou hast to do,
 Look to him who helps the wea - ry, With his all - suf - ficient grace,
 All the hosts of heav'n will greet thee, When the day of storms is past,

CHGRUS.

Sweeping all thy works a - way. Je - sus is the sure foundation,
 That's the work thou hast to do.
 With his all - suf - fi - cient grace.
 When the day of storms is past.

Yea, the chief, the corner stone; Je - sus is the sure foun - da - tion,

Yea, the chief, the corner stone; In the day of thy pro - ba - tion,

Musical score for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics underneath.

Build, oh, build on him a - lone, Build, oh, build on him a - lone.

The Morning Light.

J. T. G.

J. T. GRAPE. By per.

Musical score for the first system of 'The Morning Light', featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics underneath.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears; The sons of men are
2. See heathen nations bending, Before the God we love, And thousand hearts as-
3. Blest river of salvation, Pursue thine onward way; Flow thou to ev'ry

Musical score for the second system of 'The Morning Light', featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics underneath.

waking, To pen - itential tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings
cending In grat - i - tude a - bove; While sinners, now confessing, The
nation, Nor in thy richness stay, Stay not till all the low-ly Tri-

Musical score for the third system of 'The Morning Light', featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics underneath.

tidings from a - far, Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war.
gospel call o - bey, And seek the Saviour's blessing, A nation in a day.
umphant reach their home, Stay not till all the holy Proclaim, "the Lord is come."

One Thing I Know.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

1. One thing I know ; . . oh, bless his name, . . To me the Lord . . of mercy
 2. One thing I know ; . . he heard my cries, . With mighty power he touched my
 3. One thing I know ; . . he died for me, . . In him my hope, . my trust shall
 4. One thing I know ; . . the Saviour's mine, . Oh, boundless grace, . . oh, joy di-
 5. One thing I know ; . . oh, help me sing . . Such happy praise . . to Christ our
 One thing I know ; oh, bless his name, To me, the Lord

came, . . . He filled my heart . . with love's bright flame, . . . This I
 eyes, . . . To see the light . . . that never dies, . . . This I
 be, . . . My Saviour lives . . . e - ter - nal - ly, . . . This I
 vine! . . . And heavenly beams . . . around me shine, . . . This I
 King, . . . While smiling faith . . . and love upspring, . . . This I
 of mercy came, He filled my heart with love's bright flame,

CHORUS.

know, . . . this I know. I know, I know, . . . he loved me
 This I know, I know, I know,

so, . . . He saved my soul . . . from sin and woe, . . Now peace and
 He loved me so, He saved my soul from sin and woe,

joy . . . he doth bestow, . . . This I know, . . . This I know.
 Now peace and joy he doth bestow, This I know.

Nearer to Thee.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When doubt and conflict weigh me down, and clouds be-fore me rise,
 2. When joys that once I thought so true Have lost each balm - y sweet,
 3. While day by day I journey on To . . . reach that world sub-|lime,

Whose gath'ring gloom and deep'ning shade With sor - row fills mine eyes,
 And withered hopes, like summer flowers, Lie crushed beneath my feet,
 That stands in perfect loveliness Be - - - yond the shore of time;

'Tis then I lift my fainting soul In . . . prayer that I may be
 With quivering lip and yearning heart I pray on bend - ed knee,
 My faith looks up and softly breathes The prayer so dear to me,

Lento.

Near - - er, my God, to thee, Near - - er to thee.

Trust Me To-day.

H. L. EDMONDS.

SOLO.

1. Oh, in believing there cometh a rest, Trusting in Jesus we're sure to be blest,
 2. Oh, to be saved, and know it is done, Redeemed by the blood of the Crucified One,
 3. Oh, to be daughter or son of a King, Rich in something the world cannot bring,

Storms may arise, and dark seem the way, Jesus is saying, "now trust me to-day."
 Joy fills my soul as I tell it to you, While peaceful I journey this wilderness thro'.
 This, this is rapture enough for me, A hope that will span eternity.

Solo Stop

REFRAIN.

Repeat Refrain after last verse.

Trust me to-day, now trust me to-day, Jesus is saying, now trust me, trust me to-day.
 Trust thee to-day, I'll trust thee to-day, Jesus, I'm saying, I'll trust thee, trust thee
 to-day.

We'll Never Say Good By.

145

"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian woman.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
2. How joyful is the thought that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
3. No parting words shall e'er be spoken In that bright land of flowers,

Yet ev - er comes the thought of sadness That we must say good by.
That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - ermore be ours.

CHORUS.

We'll nev - er say good by in heaven, We'll never say good by, . . .

Repeat Chorus pp

For in that land of joy and song We'll never say good by.

Only Believe.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

Mark v. 36.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, why should we wres - tle with fears And doubts, which the
 2. His word is as - sur - ance com - plete; Thy sins and thine
 3. How ea - sy the terms of his grace: 'Tis on - ly to

Spir - it must grieve? And why should we languish in sor - row and tears,
 i - dols now leave; Come, pleading his promise, and fall at his feet,
 ask and re - ceive; The seal of his fav - or, the smile of his face,

CHORUS.

When there's nothing to do but be - lieve. Be - lieve, be -
 Then you've nothing to do but be - lieve.
 Are for those who will on - ly be - lieve. Be - lieve, be - lieve,

lieve, On - ly on Je - sus be - lieve; Sal - va - tion is
 be - lieve,

wait - ing for you and for me, There is nothing to do but be - lieve.

Blessed Assurance.

147

F. J. CROSBY.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. x. 23.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - surance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of
2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rap - ture
3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am

glory di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of his
burst on my sight, Angels descend - ing, bring from a - bove Echoes of
happy and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Filled with his

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in his blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my
mer - cy, whispers of love.
goodness, lost in his love.

song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

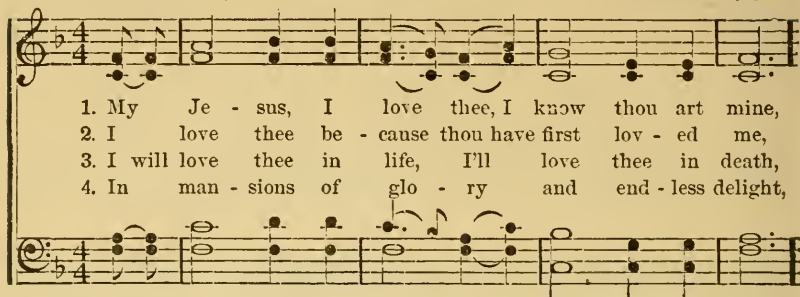
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

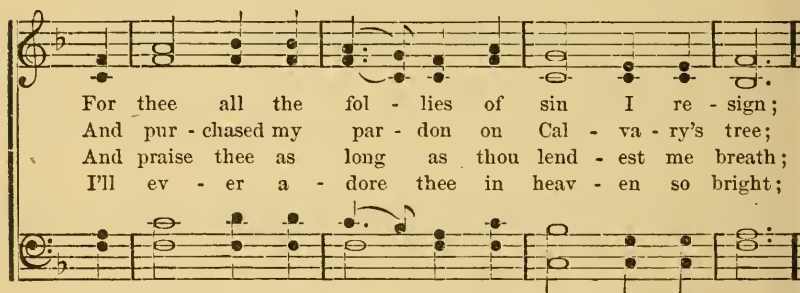
"London Hymn Book."

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."
John xvii. 10.

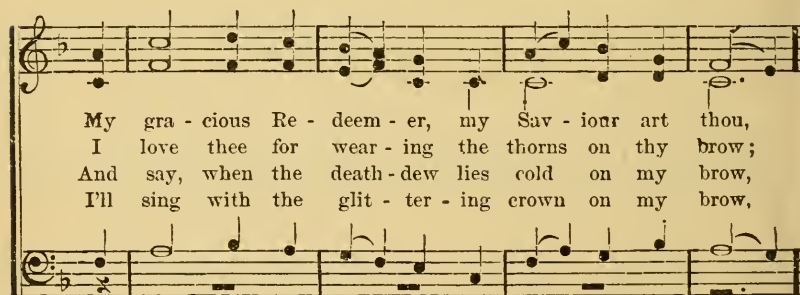
A. J. GORDON. By per.



1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
2. I love thee be - cause thou have first lov - ed me,
3. I will love thee in life, I'll love thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less delight,



For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise thee as long as thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art thou,
I love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow;
And say, when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,



If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

149

W. J. K.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

1 Peter v. 7.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Wea-ry pil - grim on life's pathway, Struggling on beneath thy load,
2. Are thy tir - ed feet unstead - y? Does thy lamp no light af - ford?
3. Are the ties of friendship severed? Hushed the voices fond - ly heard?

Hear these words of con - so - la - tion,—"Cast thy bur - den on the Lord."
Is thy cross too great and hea - vy? Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
Breaks thy heart with weight of anguish, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

CHORUS.

f Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, *p* Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, *cres.* And he will

p *ad lib.* strengthen thee, sustain and comfort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

- 4 Does thy heart with faintness falter? | 5 He will hold thee up from falling,
Does thy mind forget his word? | He will guide thy steps aright;
Does thy strength succumb to weak- | He will strengthen each endeavor;
Cast thy burden on the Lord. [ness? | He will keep thee by his might.

Nearer Home.

PHOEBE CARY.

WM. CHURCH, Jr.

1. One sweetly solemn thought
 [Comes to me o'er and o'er,— I'm nearer home to-day
 [Than I ever have
 2. Nearer the bound of life,
 [Where we lay our burdens down; Nearer leaving the cross;
 [Nearer
 3. Father, perfect my trust!
 [Strengthen the might of-my faith; Let me feel as I would when
 [I stand On the rock of the

been be-fore. | Nearer my Father's house, Where the many | mansions be;
 gaining-the crown; | But lying darkly between, Winding down | thro' the night,
 shore of death: | Feel as I would when my feet Are slipping | o-ver-the brink

REFRAIN.

Nearer the great white throne; |
 [Nearer the crystal sea; Home, home, sweet, sweet
 Is the deep and unknown
 [stream That leads at last to-the light.
 For it may be, I'm nearer
 [home—Nearer now than-I think! sweet, sweet,

home,—Pre - pare me, dear Sa - viour, for glo - ry, my home.

The Love of God.

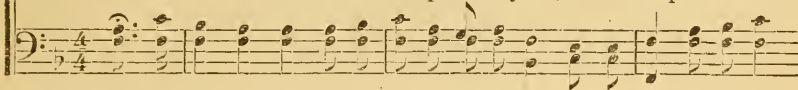
151

FANNY J. CROSBY.

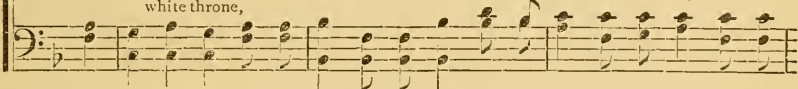
Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP. By per.



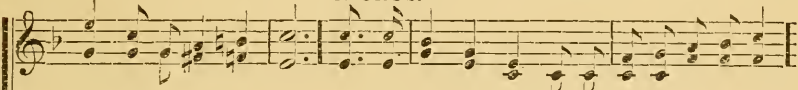
1. Let the love of God like the ocean surges roll, Sweeping down from the great
2. 'Twas the love of God that beheld and pitied man, When his sentence of death
3. 'Tis the love of God that shall conquer every foe, To its scepter the earth



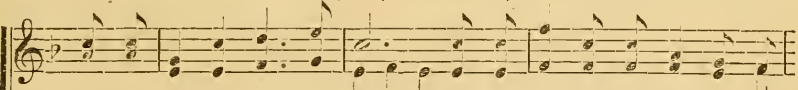
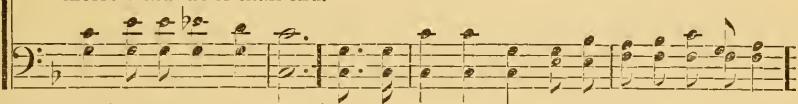
white throne, Let it break from the heart, let it burst from the soul, Till the
was passed, And a promise it gave, that Messiah should come, And the
shall bend, And the cares of to-day soon shall vanish a-way In a
white throne,



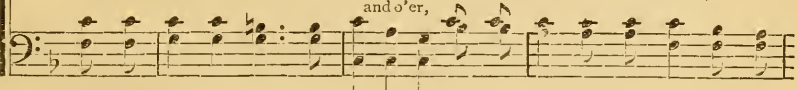
CHORUS.



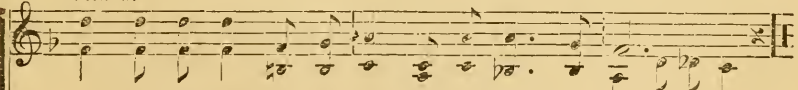
world shall be all his own. O! the love of God, of its wonders we will sing,
lost should be found at last.
morrow that ne'er shall end.



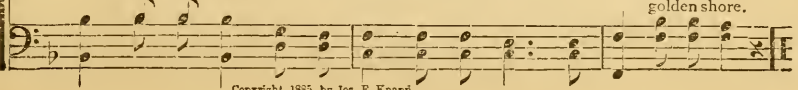
Of its vict'ries o'er and o'er, Till our life-work shall cease, and our
and o'er,



ritard.



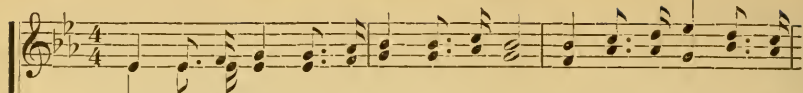
souls are at peace, On the beau - ti - ful, gold - en shore.
golden shore.



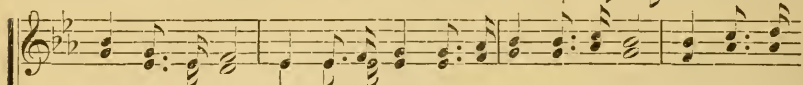
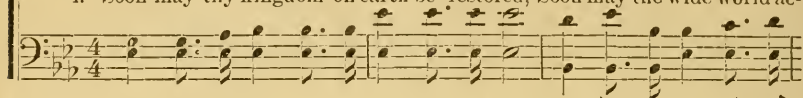
Grace Be with All.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

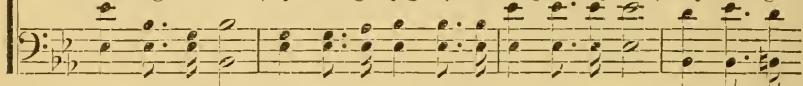
H. SANDERS.



1. Grace be with all, that love Je - sus our Lord, Grace be with all, who a -
2. Leagued to resist all the powers of sin, Leagued for our Master, the
3. We raise our banners, O Lord, in thy name, March at thy word, all thy
4. Soon may thy kingdom on earth be restored, Soon may the wide world ac -

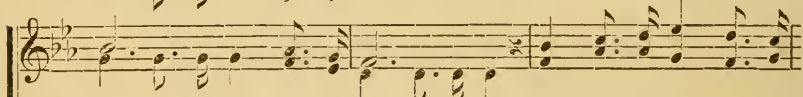
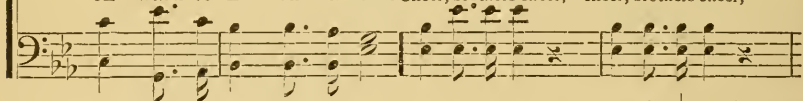


bide by his word, All of his soldiers are comrades of mine, Thus for his
vict'ry to win, Armed with his grace and his gospel, we go Loy - al to
truth to proclaim, Joined for thy glo - ry 'gainst e - vil, we stand, Faithful for
knowledge our Lord, Spreading thy glory and singing thy love, May we go

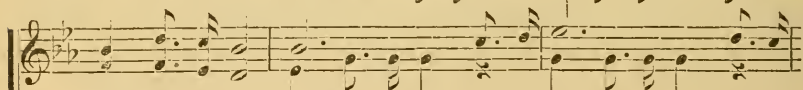
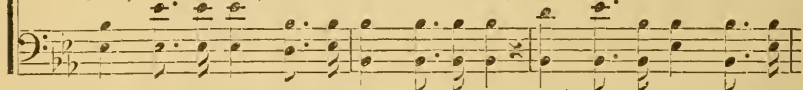


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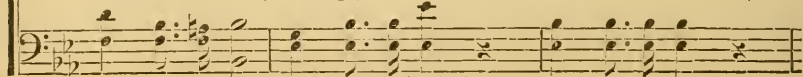
ser - vice in league we combine. Cheer, . . . brothers cheer, . . . for our
Je - sus, his foes to o'erthrow.
ev - er to keep thy command.
on - ward to Zi - on a - bove. Cheer, brothers cheer, cheer, brothers cheer,



Lead - - - er is near, All of his soldiers are
Cheer, brothers cheer, for our Lead - er is near,



comrades of mine, Charge, to the res - - - - ene, and



strive . . . without fear, Waging life's battle with power divine.
 Charge, to the rescue, and strive without fear,

Hymn of Praise.

REV. WM. LIVINGSTONE.

H. SANDERS.

1. Hark! the an - gel choirs are singing, Joyous songs of love and praise;
 2. While on earth so humbly dwelling, All his acts were full of love;
 3. High a - mid the heavenly splendor, Our loved Lord shall dwell for aye;

And while heaven's courts are ringing, Let us, too, our voi - ces raise.
 Now the songs of an - gels swelling, Greet him in the realms a - bove.
 Yet his love is true and ten - der, Towards his children here to - day.

REFRAIN.

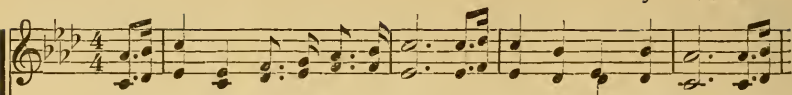
Hail! O Saviour! hail, all hail! Hearken to thy children's prayer;

While o'er life's dark sea we sail, Guide us by thy lov - ing care.

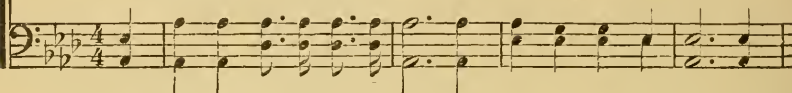
Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

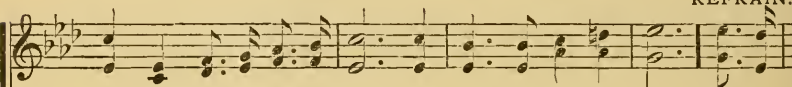
JNO. R. SWENEY.



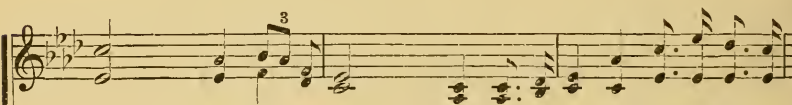
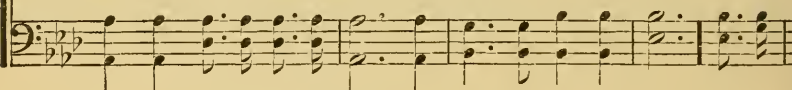
1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright Than
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King, And
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near The
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love, For



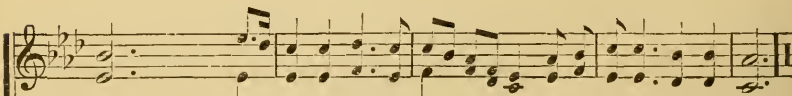
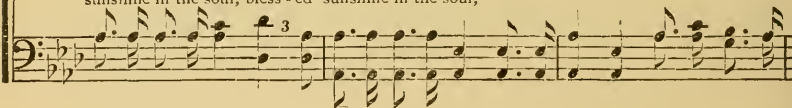
REFRAIN.



glows in an - y earthly sky, For Je - sus is my light. Oh, there's
 Je - sus, list - ening, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
 dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.
 blessings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



sun - - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful, happy moments
 sunshine in the soul, bless - ed sunshine in the soul,



roll ; When Jesus shows his smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
 happy moments roll ;



The King is Coming.

155

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Tho' the days be dark and dreary, And the nights be long and weary, Thou must
2. He will aid us in each trouble, For our shame give blessings double, Pain will
3. Let us then be up and doing, Our appointed work pursuing, And our
4. O'er the floods of tribu- lation Roll the anthems of sal- vation, And the

CHORUS. *Faster.*

faint not, Christian, cheer thee, For the King will come. The King is coming, the
van- ish like a bubble, When the King shall come.
strength each day renewing, From his gracious throne.
Sun of Con- so - lation Gilds the midnight dome.

King is com- ing, The King is com- ing to call his children home; The

molto rit.

King is coming, the King is coming, Coming, coming to claim his own.

Beautiful Robes.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with him in white, In that country pure and bright, Where shall
 2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight, When the
 3. We shall walk with him in white, By the fountains of delight, Where the

enter naught that may defile; Where the day-beam ne'er declines, For the
 beauty of the King we see; Holding converse full and sweet, In a
 Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead, For his blood shall wash each stain, Till no

blessed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile.
 fel - lowship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
 spot of sin remain, And the soul for - ev - ermore is freed.

CHORUS.

Beau - - tiful robes, . . Beau - - tiful robes, . .
 Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,

Beau - - - ti - ful robes we then shall wear, . .
 Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear, Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear,

Gar - - ments of light, . . . Love - - ly and bright, . . .
 Garments of light, . . . Garments of light, Lovely and bright, . . . Lovely and bright,

Walking with Je - sus in white, Beau - ti - ful robes we shall wear.

Brightest and Best.

REGINALD HEBBER.

Arr. by J. J. H.

1. { Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and
 Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon adorning, Guide where our infant Re-
 D. C.—Angels adore him, in slumber re-lying,—Maker, and Monarch, and

Fine.
 lend us thine aid:
 deemer is laid. Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining; Low lies his
 Saviour of all.

D. C.
 2 Sav. shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
 head with the beasts of the stall:
 mine?
 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

What is the Theme?

F. G. BURROUGHS.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. What is the theme of joy to-day? Praise to our King, Praise to our King.
 2. What does the mountain streamlet say? Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord.
 3. What is the theme of this glad day? Praise to our King, Praise to our King.

What is the bur - den of each lay? Praise, grateful praise to our King;
 What hum the bees in meadows gay? Praise, all ye peo - ple, the Lord;
 This is the bur - den of each lay, Praise, loving praise to our King;

What is the song the glad birds sing? What are the blossoms offering? Praise, loving
 What do the zephyrs softly croon, Under the rays of the silver moon? Praise ye the
 Swelling the notes the glad birds sing, Joining the flowers' offering, Praise, loving

praise, humble praise, grateful praise To their kind benefactor they raise.
 Lord, all ye stars of the night, Praise the Lord for your glorious light.
 praise, humble praise, grateful praise To our King and our Saviour we'll raise.

CHORUS.

Let mighty floods now clap their hands; Let little hills a - gain rejoice;

Let all the fields and the trees of the wood to His praise lend a voice.

When shall We all Meet again?

Arr. by L. H. EDMUNDS.

Adapted and arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we all meet a - gain?
 2. Soon we shall all meet a - gain, Soon we shall all meet a - gain,
 3. There we shall all Je - sus see, There we shall all Je - sus see,
 4. There we may wear starry crowns, There we may wear star - ry crowns,

When shall we all meet a - gain? If not on earth, in heav - en
 Soon we shall all meet a - gain, If not on earth, in heav - en
 There we shall all Je - sus see, If not on earth, in heav - en
 There we may wear starry crowns. Tho' not on earth, in heav - en

5 ||: There we shall meet friends we love, ||
 When we get home to heaven
 We shall meet friends we love.
 Shall we all meet a - gain?
 We shall all meet a - gain.
 We shall all Je - sus see.
 We may all wear bright crowns.
 6 ||: There we shall *never* part again, ||
 When we get home to heaven
 We shall *never* part again.
 7 ||: There we shall *never* say good-by, ||
 When we get home to heaven
 We shall *never* say good-by.

How Beautiful.

J. T. GRAPE.

F.

How beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good

tid-ings of good, good tid-ings of good, that bringeth good tidings, that

2d time only. *Fine.*

pub-lisheth peace, A-men, a-men. Thy watchmen shall lift

up the voice, shall lift up the voice; to-gether shall they sing, . . . shall they

Andante.

shall they sing; For they shall see eye to eye, eye to eye;

They shall see eye to eye, When the Lord shall bring, shall bring again Zion. How

O Sinner, Believe It.

JOHN. T. GRAPE. By per.

Not too fast.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day;
 3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds sup - ply,

nd sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains,
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Redeem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

CHORUS.

O sinner, believe it, There's mercy and pardon for thee;

O sin - ner, receive it, The grace that sets us free.

Jesus is Here.

H. S.

H. SANDERS.

1. While we dwell on the earth, this beau-ti - ful place, O let us, dear
 2. No tongue can e'er tell what that bright land shall be, That Je - sus has
 3. When o'er the dark o - cean my soul he shall take, And roughly the
 4. Now when the dark hour of death shall draw near, And I leave the sweet

Christians, e'er look for his grace, If we seek him, we find him, for he
 promised to you and to me, When I leave this dear land, O
 billows o'er-my frail bark shall break, I know on - ly this, in the
 hopes I have cherished so here, When I leave this dear land, O

ev - er is near, And abides in our spirits, Yes, Je - sus is here.
 why should I care? In that heavenly country, my Je - sus is there.
 midst of despair, I shall pass through all safely, for Je - sus is there.
 why should I care, In the midst of the waters, if Je - sus be there?

REFRAIN.

Yes, Je - sus is here,	Yes, Je - sus is here, .
My Je - sus is there,	My Je - sus is there, .
For Je - sus is there,	For Je - sus is there, .
If Je - sus be there,	If Je - sus be there, .
Yes, Je - sus is here,	Yes,

..... And abides in our spirits, Yes, Je - sus is here.
 In that heaven - ly country, My Je - sus is there.
 I shall pass through all safely, For Je - sus is there.
 In the midst of the waters, If Je - sus be there.

Je - sus is here,

Outside the Fold.

ED. WILLIT.

JOHN. T. GRAPE. By per.

1. Weak and sin - ful as I am, One hope I hold; Je - sus
 2. Though I chance to slip or stray, As chil - dren will, Je - sus'
 3. He will save me yet from sin And all its harms, Holding,
 4. Though I blind - ly lose my way In night and cold, Je - sus

REFRAIN.

will not leave his lamb Outside the fold. Out - side the fold, Out -
 eye, by night or day, Beholds me still.
 fold - ing me with - in His lov - ing arms.
 will not let me stay Outside the fold.

side the fold, Jesus will not leave his lamb Outside the fold.

The Beautiful Light.

R. KELSO CARTER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je- sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are
 2. We who know our sins forgiven, We are walking in the light, We are
 3. As we journey here be - low, We are walking in the light, We are
 4. We will sing his power to save, We are walking in the light, We are

walking in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the
 walking in the light; Find on earth the joy of heaven, We are walking in the
 walking in the light; Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
 walking in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the

REFRAIN.

beautiful light of God. We are walk - - ing in the light, We are
 Walking in the light, beautiful light of God,

walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - - ing in the
 Walking in the light, beau-ti-ful light of God, Walking in the light,

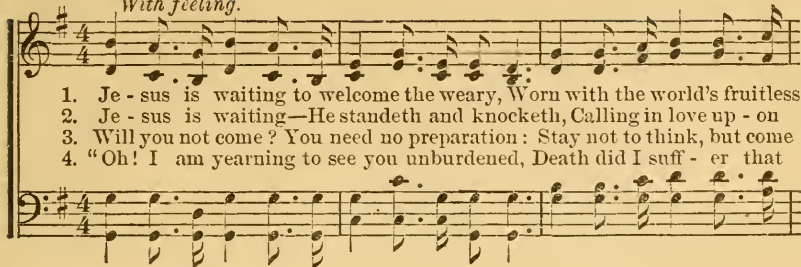
light, We are walking in the beauti-ful light of God.
 Walk-ing in the light,

Jesus is Waiting.

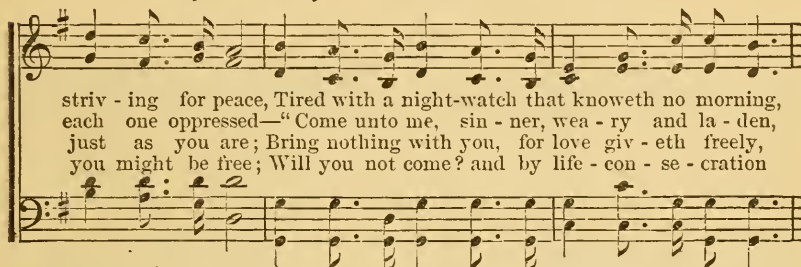
165

CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

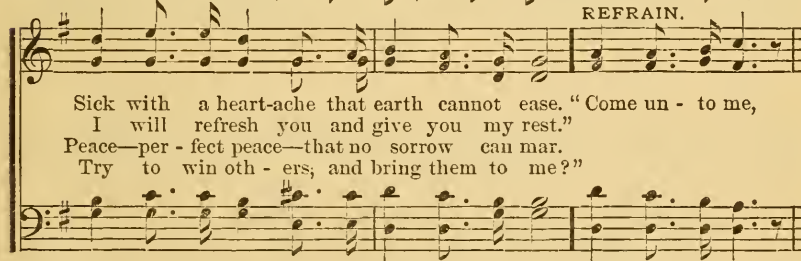
H. L. GILMOUR.

With feeling.

1. Je - sus is waiting to welcome the weary, Worn with the world's fruitless
2. Je - sus is waiting—He standeth and knocketh, Calling in love up - on
3. Will you not come? You need no preparation: Stay not to think, but come
4. "Oh! I am yearning to see you unburdened, Death did I suff - er that

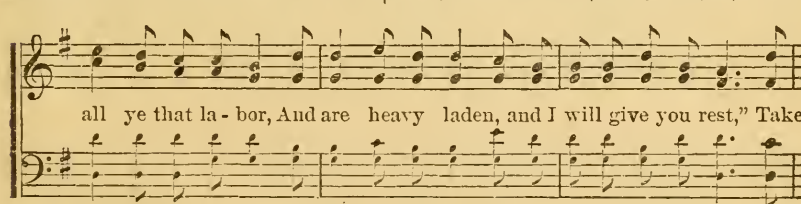


striv - ing for peace, Tired with a night-watch that knoweth no morning,
each one oppressed—"Come unto me, sin - ner, wea - ry and la - den,
just as you are; Bring nothing with you, for love giv - eth freely,
you might be free; Will you not come? and by life - con - se - cration

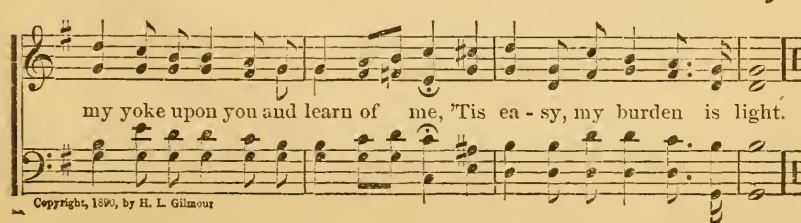


REFRAIN.

Sick with a heart-ache that earth cannot ease. "Come un - to me,
I will refresh you and give you my rest."
Peace—per - fect peace—that no sorrow can mar.
Try to win oth - ers, and bring them to me?"



all ye that la - bor, And are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," Take



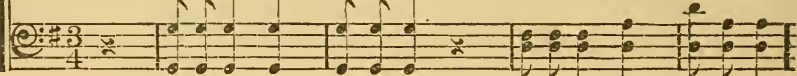
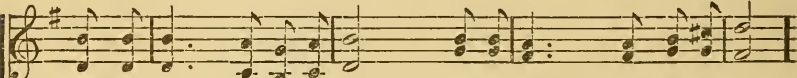
my yoke upon you and learn of me, 'Tis ea - sy, my burden is light.

Softly Fades the Twilight Ray.

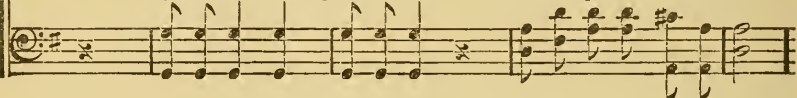
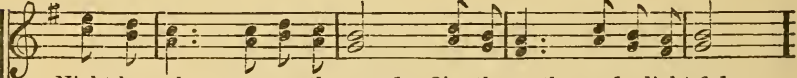
WM. CHURCH, Jr.



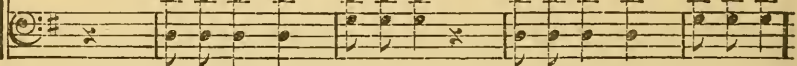
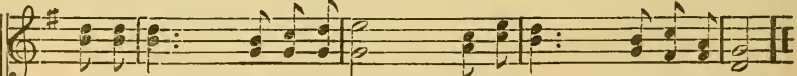
1. Soft-ly fades the twilight ray Of the ho - ly Sabbath day ;
 1. Softly fades the twilight ray Of the ho - ly Sabbath day ;
 2. Peace is on the world abroad ; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,
 2. Peace is on the world abroad ; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,

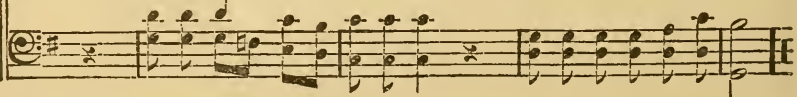
Gen - tly as life's setting sun, When the Chris - tian's course is run.
 Gently as life's setting sun, When the Christian's course is run.
 Sym - bol of the peace within When the spir - it rests from sin.
 Symbol of the peace within When the spir - it rests from sin.

Night her sol - emn mantle spreads O'er the earth as daylight fades ;
 Night her sol - emn mantle spreads O'er the earth as daylight fades,
 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be Days of joy and peace in thee,
 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be Days of joy and peace in thee,

All things tell of calm repose, At the ho - ly Sabbath's close.
 All things tell of calm repose, At the ho - ly Sabbath's close.
 Till in heav'n our souls repose, Where the Sab - bath ne'er shall close.
 Till in heaven our souls repose, Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.



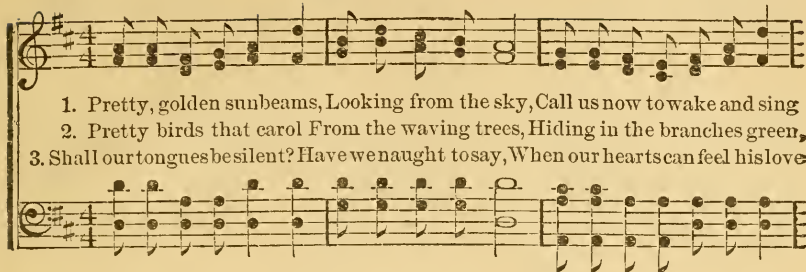
Joy Bells.

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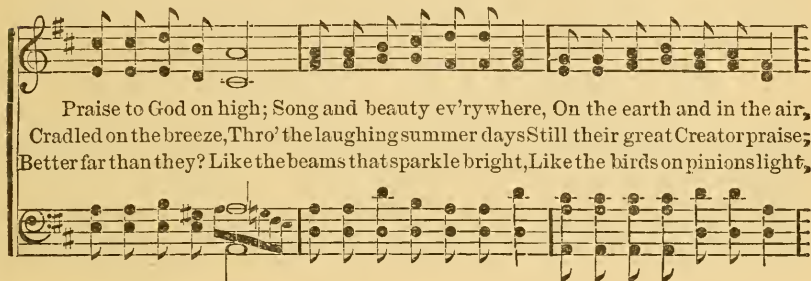
MARTHA J. LANKTON.

FOR PRIMARY CLASS.

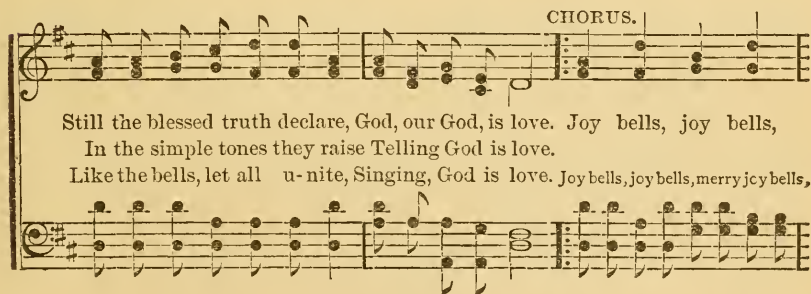
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Pretty, golden sunbeams, Looking from the sky, Call us now to wake and sing
2. Pretty birds that carol From the waving trees, Hiding in the branches green,
3. Shall our tongues besilent? Have we naught to say, When our hearts can feel his love



Praise to God on high; Song and beauty ev'rywhere, On the earth and in the air,
Cradled on the breeze, Thro' the laughing summer days Still their great Creator praise;
Better far than they? Like the beams that sparkle bright, Like the birds on pinions light,



CHORUS.

Still the blessed truth declare, God, our God, is love. Joy bells, joy bells,
In the simple tones they raise Telling God is love.
Like the bells, let all u-nite, Singing, God is love. Joy bells, joy bells, merry joy bells,

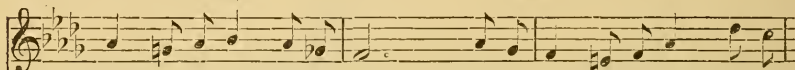
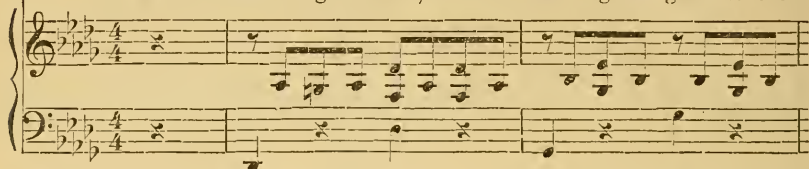


Repeat pp.

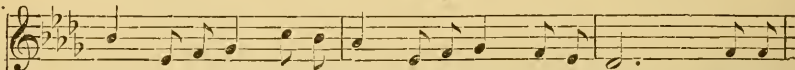
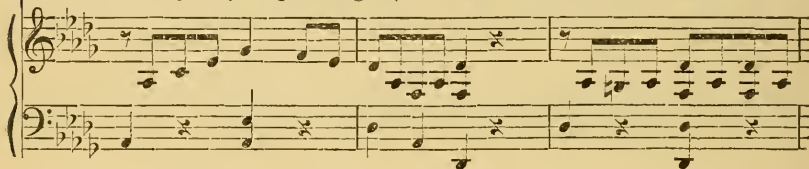
Hear them ringing, sweetly ringing; Hear the joy bells, joy bells Echo God is love.
joy bells, joy bells, merry joy bells



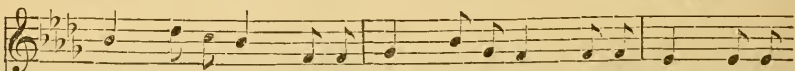
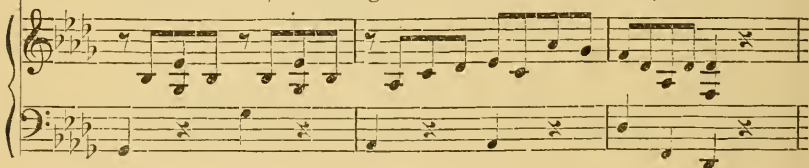
1. We have heard of a land on whose blue, ether skies Not a
 2. We have talked of that land when our journey was long, And our
 3. We are near - ing that land, we are near - ing the gate To the



cloud for a moment can stay, And it needs not the sun in his
 hearts overburdened with care, We have talked of the blest at the
 cit - y of jas - per and gold, Where the Saviour to welcome his



splen - dor to rise, For the Lord is the light of its day; We have
 riv - er of song, And how oft we have sighed to be there; And our
 children doth wait, And will gath - er them in - to the fold; To the



heard of that land, and its glo - ry we seek, Where the faith - ful with
 faith has gone up, like a bird on the wing, To that land on e -
 fold of his love, in the mansions a - bove, Where for - ev - er with



rit.

FORGET

a tempo.

Je - sus shall dwell,
ter - ni - ty's shore,
him they shall dwell,

Where the ros - es of youth nev - er
Where the joy bells of E - den for -
And the eyes that were sad in his

fade from the cheek, And the lips never murmur, farewell.
ev - er shall ring, And the soul shall be wea - ry no more.
smile shall be glad, And the lips never murmur, farewell.

CHORUS.

Beautiful land, beautiful land,

O - ver the roll - ing sea, (rolling sea,) Beautiful land, beautiful

land, When shall we come to thee?

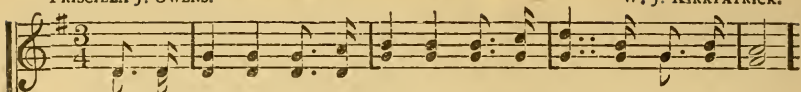
beautiful land,

When shall we come to thee?

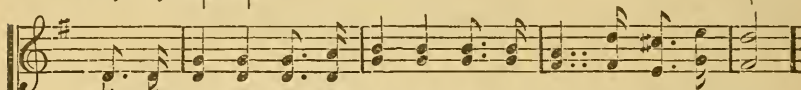
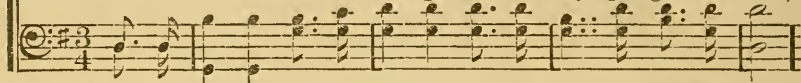
The Glorious Dawn.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

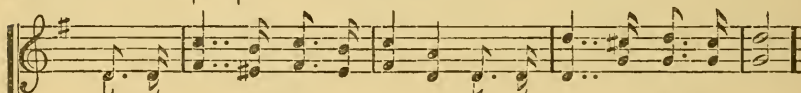
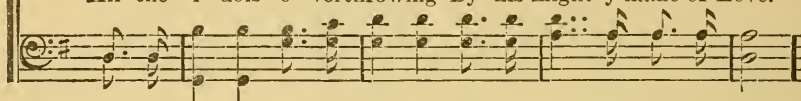
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



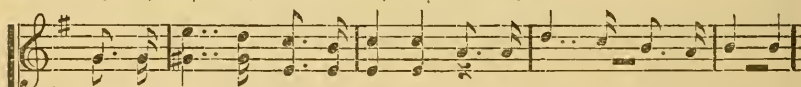
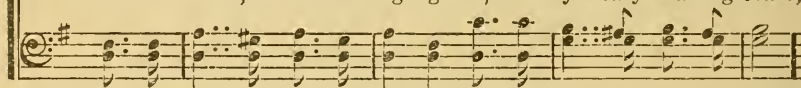
1. Sons of Zi - on, pressing onward, See the cross, your banner, shine,
2. Ev'ry mountain bending lowly Where his herald's feet have trod,
3. All the darkness o - verflowing With the Day-Spring from above,



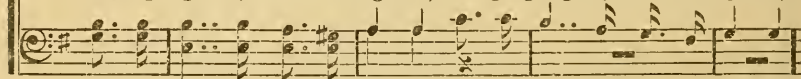
Je - sus leads his faithful vanguard, Follow him in might divine,
 Ev'ry val - ley sweet and ho - ly Blossom to the praise of God.
 All the i - dols o - verthrowing By his might - y name of Love.



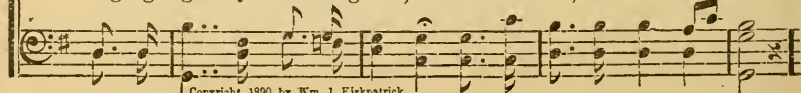
Soon his ho - ly reign shall banish Ev - 'ry chain by er - ror drawn,
 All the des - erts' dreary silence Soon shall ech - o with his name ;
 Hark : thou wind, that mourning sighest, Let thy weary wailing cease,



And the heathen night shall vanish, And the heathen night shall vanish,
 All the mul - ti - tude of islands, All the mul - ti - tude of islands,
 Singing "glo - ry in the highest," Singing "glory in the highest,"



And the heathen night shall vanish In the gospel's joyous dawn.
 All the mul - ti - tude of islands Shall his sav - ing truth proclaim.
 Singing "glo - ry in the highest," For he comes, the Prince of Peace.



CHORUS.

Yes, a glorious dawn is breaking All our fal - len world a - bove,

poco rit.
Doors are opening, hearts a - waking To his mighty name of Love.

A Friend Above All Others.

J. T. GRAPE.

1. There's a friend above all others, Oh, how he loves! His is love beyond a brother's;
2. Blessed Jesus! wouldst thou know him? Oh, how he loves! Give thyself this day unto him;
3. All thy sins shall be forgiven; Oh, how he loves! Backward all thy foes be driven;

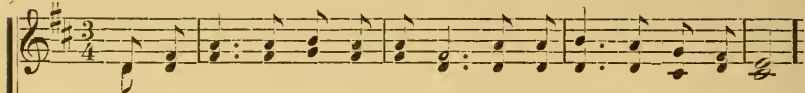
Oh, how he loves! Earthly friends may fail and leave us; This day kind, to
Oh, how he loves! Is it sin that pains and grieves thee? Unbe - lief and
Oh, how he loves! Best of blessings he'll provide thee, Naught but good shall

morrow grieves; But this Friend will ne'er deceive us; Oh, how he loves!
tri - als tease thee? Je - sus can from all release thee; Oh, how he loves!
e'er betide thee; Safe to glo - ry he will guide thee; Oh, how he loves!

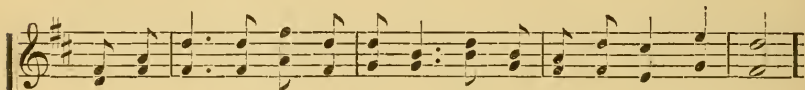
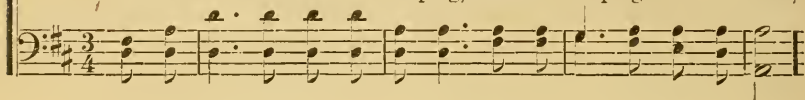
Pray for Reapers.

ANON.

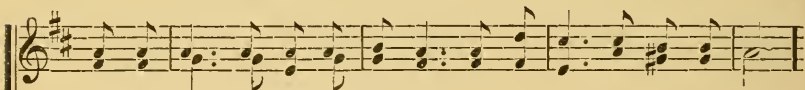
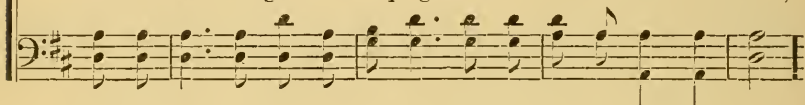
J. T. GRAPE.



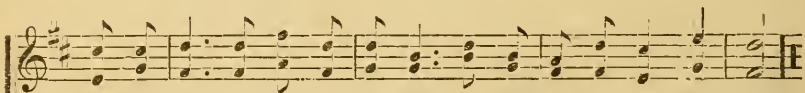
1. Saints of God, the dawn is bright'ning, Tokens of the coming Lord;
2. Freely now they toil in sadness, Weeping o'er the waste around,
3. Now, O Lord, ful-fil thy pleasure, Breathe upon thy chosen band,
4. Soon shall end the time of weeping, Soon the reaping time will come,



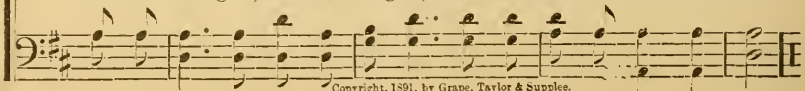
O'er the earth the fields are whit'ning; Louder rings the Master's word:
 Slowly gath'ring grains of gladness, While their echoing cries re-sound;
 And with pen-te-cos-tal measure, Send forth eapers in our land;
 Heav'n and earth to-geth-er keeping God's e-ter-nal har-vest home;



Pray for reapers, pray for reapers In the harvest of the Lord,
 Pray that reapers, pray that reapers In God's harvest may a-bound,
 Faithful reapers, faithful reapers, Gath'ring sheaves for thy right hand,
 Saints and an-gels, saints and angels, Shout the world's great harvest home,



Pray for reapers, pray for reapers In the harvest of the Lord.
 Pray that reapers, pray that reapers In God's harvest may a-bound.
 Faithful reapers, faithful reapers, Gath'ring sheaves for thy right hand.
 Saints and an-gels, saints and angels, Shout the world's great harvest home.



Though Your Sins be as Scarlet. 173

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah i. 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

DUET. *Gently.*

1st. 2nd.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow ; as snow ;
 2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye unto God ! to God !
 3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more ; no more ;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool ;"
 He is of great . . . compassion, And of wondrous love ;
 "Look un- to me, . . . ye people," Saith the Lord your God ;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, Tho' your sins be as scarlet,
 Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
 He'll forgive your transgressions, He'll forgive your transgressions,

p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
 Oh, return ye un- to God ! Oh, return ye un- to God !
 And remem- ber them no more, And remem- ber them no more.

1. { The seed I have scattered in spring-time with weeping, And watered with
An - oth - er may shout when the harvesters reaping Shall gath - er my

tears and with dew's from on high; || grain in the "sweet by and by."

♩: CHORUS.

O - ver and o - ver, yes, deep - er and deep - er My heart is pierced
D.S.— tears of the sow - er and songs of the reap - er Shall min - gle to -

through with life's sorrow - ing cry, But the || gether in joy by and by.

By and by, by and by, By and by, by and by, Yes, the

- 2 Another may reap what in spring-time I've planted,
Another rejoice in the fruit of my pain,—
Not knowing my tears when in summer I fainted
While toiling sad-hearted in sunshine and rain.
- 3 The thorns will have choked, and the summer sun blasted
The most of the seed which in spring-time I've sown;
But the Lord who has watched while my weary toil lasted
Will give me a harvest for what I have done.

Story of the Autumn Leaves.

175

E. E. HEWITT.

(MOTION SONG)

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Fresh young leaves upon the trees Fluttered in the play - ful breeze,
 2. Un - der sun - ny skies of blue Budding leaves much larger grew,
 3. Autumn days have come a - gain, Pluck the fruit and cut the grain ;

Made a plea - sant, pret - ty home, Where the lit - tle birds could come.
 From the heat a shel - ter made By their green and cool - ing shade ;
 Fall - ing leaves of red and gold Have their way - ly les - sons told.

Build a snug and cunning nest, Sing the songs they love the best. Falling, falling,
 Moving gently to and fro When the summer winds breathed low. Falling, falling,
 Serve the Lord, glad hearts and free, Beautiful all life will be. Falling, falling,

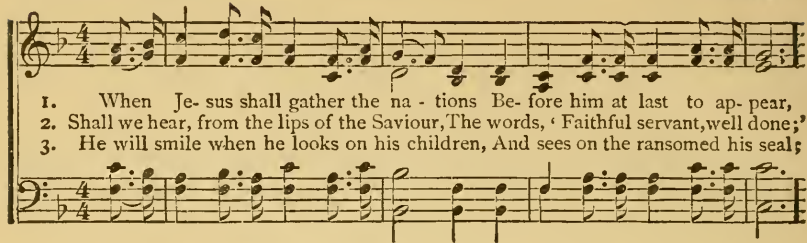
fall - ing ; Fallen leaves upon the grass Say the days of spring must pass.
 fall - - ing ; Fallen leaves upon the grass Say the summer glories pass.
 fall - - ing ; Fallen leaves upon the grass ; To an endless spring must pass.

FIRST VERSE, 1st, 2d, and 3d lines—Arms upraised with fluttering fingers; 4th—Flight motion of hands upward; 5th and 6th—Hands together, nest shape; 7th—Arms raised, gently lowered at each “falling”; 8th and 9th—Pointing down. SECOND VERSE, 1st, 2d, and 3d—Arms upraised, fingers meeting overhead; 4th—Arms raised, hands spread out branch-wise; 5th and 6th—Gentle fluttering of fingers; 7th—Arms raised, gently lowered at each “falling”; 8th and 9th—Pointing down. THIRD VERSE, 2d line—Motion of plucking fruit with right hands; scythe motion; 3d—7th—Arms raised, gently lowered at each “falling”; 9th—Hands placed together as in praise, look upward.

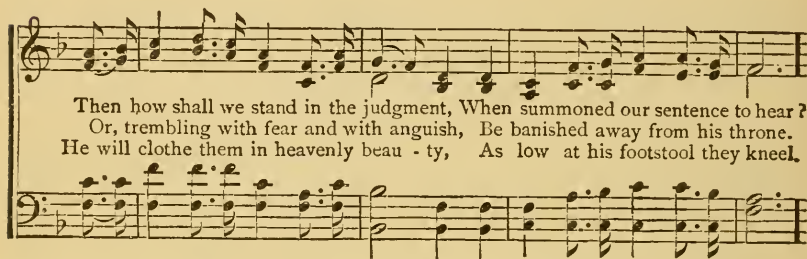
He will Gather the Wheat.

HARRIET B. M'KEEVER.

JNC. R. SWENET.

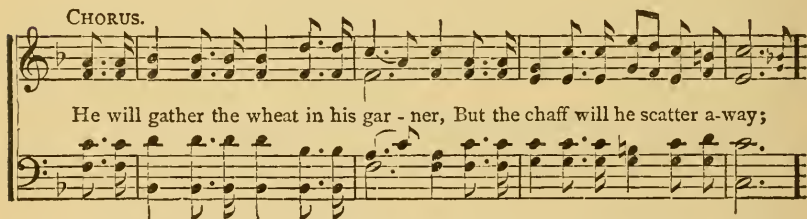


1. When Je- sus shall gather the na - tions Be- fore him at last to ap- pear,
 2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour, The words, ' Faithful servant, well done;'
 3. He will smile when he looks on his children, And sees on the ransomed his seal;

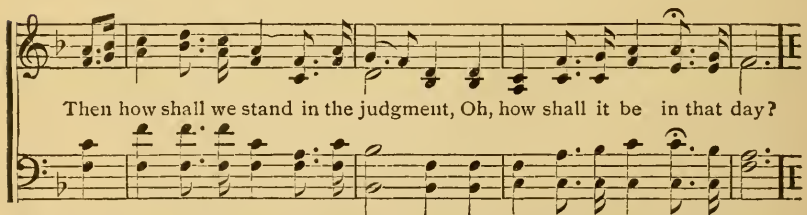


Then how shall we stand in the judgment, When summoned our sentence to hear?
 Or, trembling with fear and with anguish, Be banished away from his throne.
 He will clothe them in heavenly beau - ty, As low at his footstool they kneel.

CHORUS.



He will gather the wheat in his gar - ner, But the chaff will he scatter a-way;



Then how shall we stand in the judgment, Oh, how shall it be in that day?

- 4 Then let us be watching and waiting,—
 Our lamps burning steady and bright,—
 When the Bridegroom shall call to the wed-
 Our spirits made ready for flight. [ding]
- 5 Thus living with hearts fixed on Jesus,
 In patience we wait for the time,
 When, the days of our pilgrimage ended,
 We'll bask in his presence divine

Parable of the Sower.

177

E. E. HEWITT.

MOTION SONG.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A sower went forth with precious seed, Beside the wayside sow-ing,
 2. But careless feet trod the good seeds there, Till they were dying, dy-ing;
 3. And some fell up-on the rock-y bed,—The ten-der shoots upspringing,—

He hoped that a har-vest rich indeed Would soon be growing, growing.
 To car-ry them off the birds of air Came quickly fly-ing, fly-ing.
 No root had they there and soon were dead, No fruit the Master bringing.

CHORUS.

Sow-ing, sow-ing, Scatter the seed both here and there; Sowing, sowing,

4 And some among thorns, it came to pass,
 The sower too was sowing;
 The thorns springing up—alas! alas!—
 Soon choked the good seed growing.
 Surely 'twill yield a harvest fair.
 5 But some fell upon good ground, we're told,
 Oh, happy, happy story:
 Rich fruitage they bear, a hundred-fold,—
 Unto the Master's glory!

Copyright, 1887, by John J. Hood.

FIRST VERSE, 1st and 2d lines.—Motion of scattering seed: 3d and 4th.—Bending forward, hands lifted from toward ground upward; growth motion. SECOND VERSE, 1st and 2d lines.—Right and left movement of feet; 3d and 4th.—Bird flight downward; bird flight upward. THIRD VERSE, 1st line.—Scattering seed; 2d.—Growth motion. FOURTH VERSE, 1st and 2d lines.—Scattering seed; 3d and 4th.—Growth motion. FIFTH VERSE, 1st and 2d lines.—Sowing seed; 3d and 4th.—Hands pressed together in praise, eyes looking upward. CHORUS, 1st, 2d, and 3d lines.—Scattering seed; 4th.—Open hands extended. *Emory Hymnal, No. 2—M*

Lovely Appear.

From GOUNOD's Redemption.

Arr. by JOHN T. GRAPE. By per.

Andante. FEMALE VOICES.

p Lovely ap-pear, Over the mountains, The feet of them that preach, and

bring good news of peace, The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.

FULL CHORUS.

Lovely ap-pear, Over the mountains, The feet of them that preach, and

bring good news of peace, The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.

mf
Ye mountains, Ye perpetual hills, bow ye down, Over the barren wastes Shall

flow'r, now have possession ; Dark shades of ancient days, Full of hate and oppression,

rit p
In the brightness of joy Fade a - way and are gone.

Jesus in Gethsemane.

H. S.

(For Good Friday.)

H. SANDERS.

Slowly and with great expression.

1. See him in the garden lone, Midnight darkness o'er him,
2. All his friends forsake him now, None with him are stay - ing ;
3. On him all our sins were laid, Thro' him came sal - va - tion,
4. "Man of sorrows," born to grief, For our sins a - ton - ing,

None but God to hear his moan ; Naught but death be - fore him,
Bloody sweat up - on his brow, To his Father pray - ing,
By his pain our debt was paid, Priceless, pure ob - la - tion,
By his stripes we find re - lief, Our lost state be - moan - ing,

p <> *pp* <> *rit.* *dim.* <>
All a-lone! all a-lone! He the wine-press treads a - lone.
All a-lone! all a-lone! He the wine-press treads a - lone.
All a-lone! all a-lone! He the wine-press trod a - lone.
All a-lone! all a-lone! He the wine-press trod a - lone.

Watchman, tell us of the night.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

PILGRIM.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are.
2. Watchman, tell us of the night; Higher yet that star ascends.

WATCHMAN.

Trav - 'ler, o'er yon mountain's height See that glo - ry - beam - ing star.
Trav - 'ler, bless - edness and light, Peace and truth its course portends.

PILGRIM.

Watch - man, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell?
Watch - man, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?

WATCHMAN.

Trav - 'ler, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.
Trav - 'ler, a - ges are its own; See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

Let the Blessed Saviour in.

181

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Who stands out-side the clos-éd door? Rise and let him in.
 2. It is the Sav-iour calls to thee, Rise and let him in.
 3. In pa-tient love he pleading stands, Rise and let him in.
 4. All night he kept his vig-ils true; Rise and let him in.

Who is it knocking, o'er and o'er? Rise and let him in.
 He will come in and sup with thee, Rise and let him in.
 The nail prints still are in his hands, Rise and let him in.
 Be - hold his locks are wet with dew; Rise and let him in.

REFRAIN.

Let him in, Let him in, Let the bless-éd Sav-iour
 Let him in, Let him in, Let him in,

in; He is standing at the door, He is knocking o'er and o'er,
 Let him in,

Let the blessed Sav-iour in.

- 5. O why should he be waiting now?
 Rise and let him in.
 Thy Lord, with glory-circled brow,
 Rise and let him in.
- 6. Beware, beware! undo the door;
 Rise and let him in.
 Lest he should leave thee evermore,
 Rise and let him in.

Onward.

JNO. R. SWENBY.

Onward, onward, onward, Christian soldiers! Marching, marching, marching as to war,

With the cross of Jesus, With the cross of Je- sus, With the cross of Jesus Going
With the cross the cross, of Jesus

on be - fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads agains' the foe.
Going on be - fore.

For - ward into bat - tle, See, his banners go! Christ, the roy-al
Forward in - to bat - tle, Christ, the roy - al

Mas-ter, Leads against the foe; Forward into bat-tle, See, his banners go!
Mas-ter, Leads against the foe;

GIRLS.

Like . . a mighty ar - my Moves the church of God;

Broth - ers, we are tread-ing Where . the saints have trod; . . .

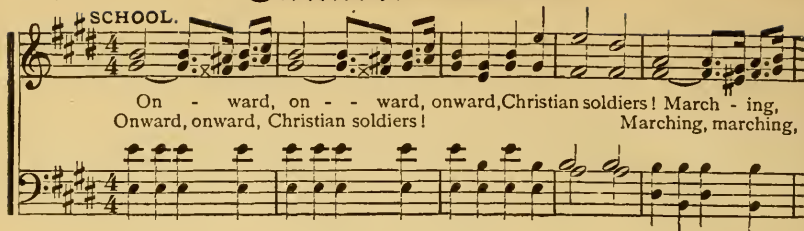
SCHOOL.

We . . . are not di - vid - - ed, All . . one body we, . . .

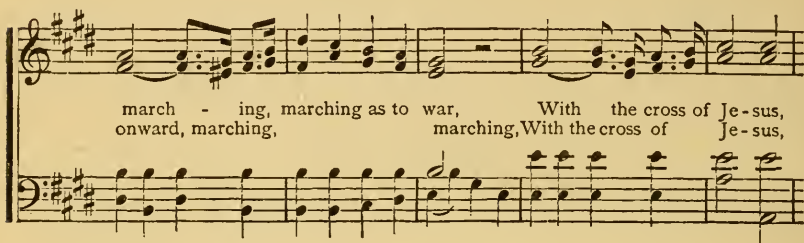
One . . . in hope and doc - trine, One . . . in char-i - ty. . . .

Onward.—CONCLUDED.

SCHOOL.

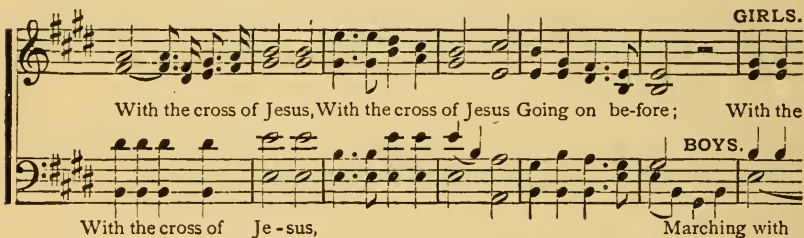


On - ward, on - - ward, onward, Christian soldiers! March - ing,
Onward, onward, Christian soldiers! Marching, marching,



march - ing, marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus,
onward, marching, marching, With the cross of Je - sus,

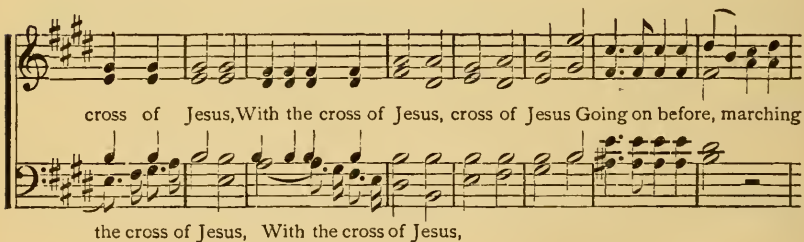
GIRLS.



With the cross of Jesus, With the cross of Jesus Going on be - fore; With the

BOYS.

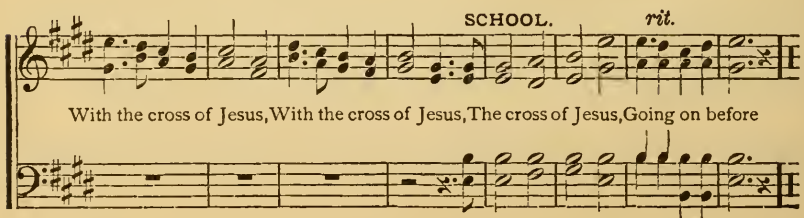
With the cross of Je - sus, Marching with



cross of Jesus, With the cross of Jesus, cross of Jesus Going on before, marching

the cross of Jesus, With the cross of Jesus,

SCHOOL. *rit.*



With the cross of Jesus, With the cross of Jesus, The cross of Jesus, Going on before

CHARLES WESLEY.
Cho. by H. L. G.

"Come, for all things are ready."
Luke xiv. 16.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Come, sinners, to the gos- pel feast; It is for you, it is for me;
2. Ye need not one be left behind, It is for you, it is for me;

Let ev'- ry soul be Je- sus' guest: It is for you, it is for me.
For God hath bid- den all mankind, It is for you, it is for me.

D.S.—O wea- ry waud'r'er, come and see, It is for you, it is for me.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Sal- va- tion full, sal- va- tion free, The price was paid on Cal- va- ry;

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:</p> <p>4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.</p> <p>5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;</p> <p>6 Yepoor, and maimed, and halt, and blind
In Christ a hearty welcome find.</p> | <p>7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:</p> <p>8 O let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.</p> <p>9 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:</p> <p>10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.</p> |
|--|---|

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There is a fountain.

Key A.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 There is a fountain : fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged : beneath that
Lose all their guilty stains. [flood,
CHO.—Oh, glorious fountain!
Here will I stay,
And in thee ever
Wash my sins away.</p> <p>2 The dying thief : rejoiced to see:
That fountain in his day,</p> | <p>And there may I, : though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.</p> <p>3 Thou dying Lamb, : thy precious
Shall never lose its power, [blood:
Till all the ransomed : Church of God:
Are saved to sin no more.</p> <p>4 E'er since by faith : I saw the stream:
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love : has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.</p> |
|---|---|

Heavenly Dove. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

JARVIS BUTLER.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly dove, With all thy quick'ning
Come, Ho - ly Spir - it.

powers;
heav'n - ly dove, With Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In
all thy quick'ning powers;

these cold hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of ours.
Kindle a flame of sa - cred love

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2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Send the Message.

J. A. GARDNER.

H. SANDERS.

1. Sat - an holds in bondage Millions of our race—Millions who may
2. Christians! hear the tid - ings, Coming o'er the sea; Car - ry back the
3. Heathen nations wor - ship Idols—wood and stone; But the Bi - ble
4. Christians! send the mes - sage; When you hear the cry, Will you to the

Send the Message.—CONCLUDED.

nev - er See the Saviour's face. Nations sit in darkness, Waiting
mes - sage Of sal - va - tion free. Heathen nations long - ing For the
tells us, Worship God a - lone. He is our Cre - a - tor, And his
heath - en Light of Life de - ny? Let the blessed gos - pel Have free

for the light; Let the glorious sun - rise Chase a - way the night.
bless - ed news, Tidings of a Sav - iour Can you still re - fuse?
praise we sing: He is our Re - deem - er, Prophet, Priest and King!
course and run, Till all tribes and peo - ple Worship Christ, the Son.

189

7s.

M. E. H. 552.

HARK; my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis the Saviour,—hear his word:
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shall see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shall be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint.
Yet I love thee and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!

190

C. M.

M. E. H. 248.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morningstars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

191

M. E. H. 572.

ONE more day's work for Jesus,
 One less of life for me !
 But heaven is nearer,
 And Christ is dearer
 Than yesterday, to me ;
 His love and light
 Fill all my soul to-night.
 One more day's work for Jesus, etc.

2 One more day's work for Jesus !
 How sweet the work has been,
 To tell the story,
 To show the glory,
 Where Christ's flock enter in !
 How it did shine
 In this poor heart of mine !

3 One more day's work for Jesus !
 O yes, a weary day ;
 But heaven shines clearer
 And rest comes nearer,
 At each step of the way ;
 And Christ in all,
 Before his face I fall.

5 O blessed work for Jesus !
 O rest at Jesus' feet !
 There toil seems pleasure,
 My wants are treasure,
 And pain for him is sweet.
 Lord, if I may,
 I'll serve another day !

192

C. M.

M. E. H. 197.

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
 To bring the Lord Christ down ;
 In vain we search the lowest deeps,
 For him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is he ;
 And faith has yet its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain ;
 We touch him in life's throng and press,
 And we are whole again.

4 Through him the first fond prayers
 are said
 Our lips of childhood frame ;
 The last low whispers of our dead
 Are burdened with his name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
 We test our lives by thine !

193

L. M.

M. E. H. 604.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine thro' endless days ?

2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
 Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
 No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
 And O, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me !

194

6, 4.

M. E. H. 1089.

MY country ! 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing :
 Land where my fathers died !
 Land of the pilgrims' pride !
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring !

2 My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love :
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills :
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song :
 Let moral tongues awake ;
 Let all that breathe partake ;
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God ! to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing :
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King !

195

C. M.

697.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of thee ;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O let me ever hear thy voice
In mercy to me speak ;
In thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,
And thy salvation seek.

3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in this world I stay ;
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

196

S. M.

M. E. H. 581.

MY soul, be on thy guard ;
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray ;
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down :
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God ;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

197

7, 6 lines.

M. E. H. 937.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore ;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumult cease ;
Then be banished grief and pain ;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name ;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

198

L. M.

M. E. H. 109.

AGAIN as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls ;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts that seek re-
lease
Here find the rest of God's own peace ;
And, strengthened here by hymn and
prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our light ! to thee we bow ;
Within all shadows standest thou ;
Give deeper calm than night can bring ;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain ;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

199

7s.

656.

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing !

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness :
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin :
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee :
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

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